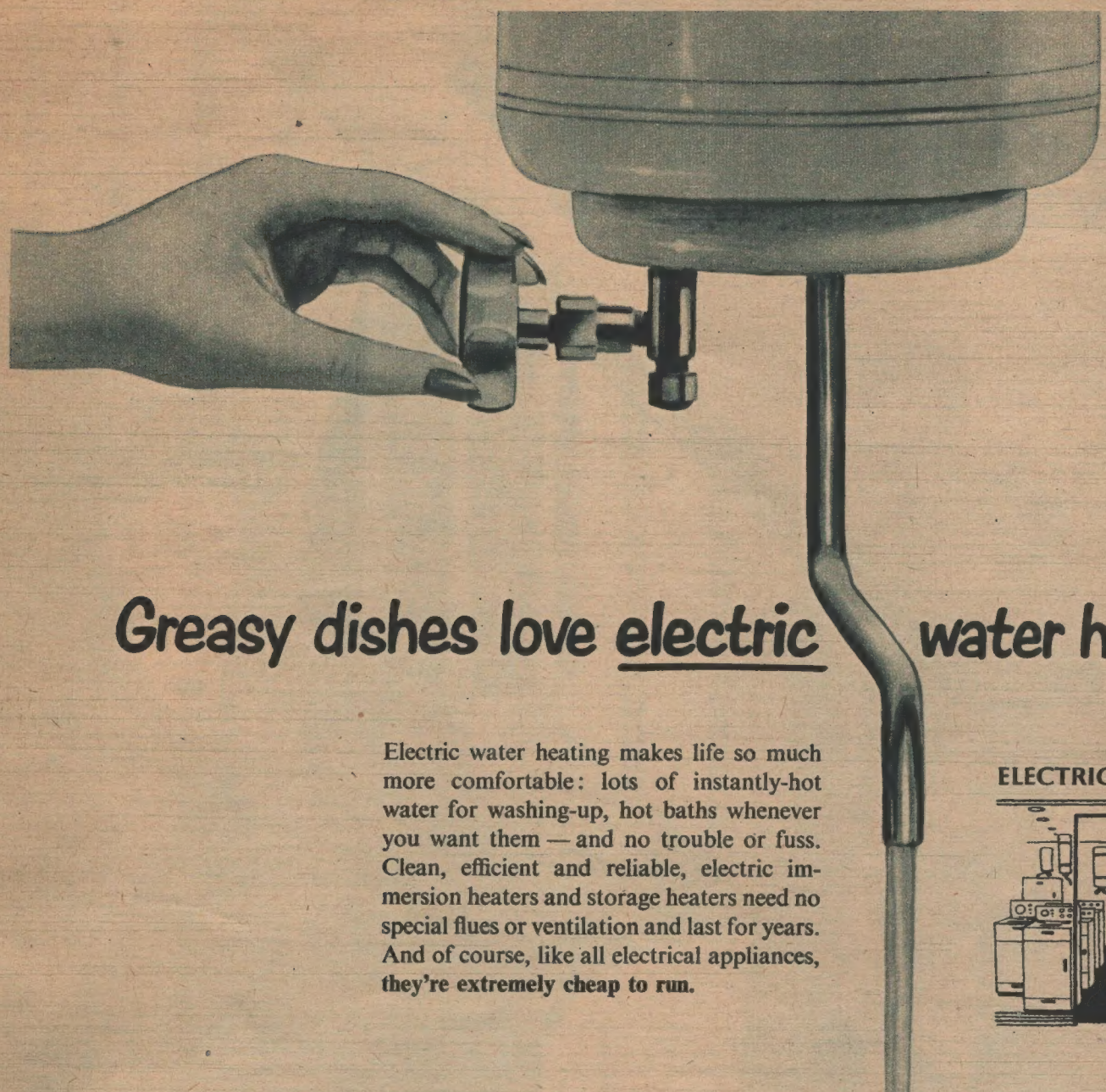
Week ending June 22 1957 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Scene of the Crime by MARGERY SHARP

Running In by CHRIS CHATAWAY

The Unforgiven—brilliant successor to The Searchers—by ALAN LE MAY



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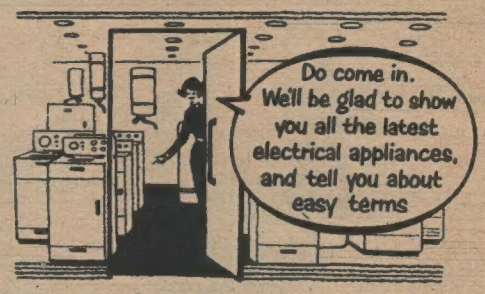

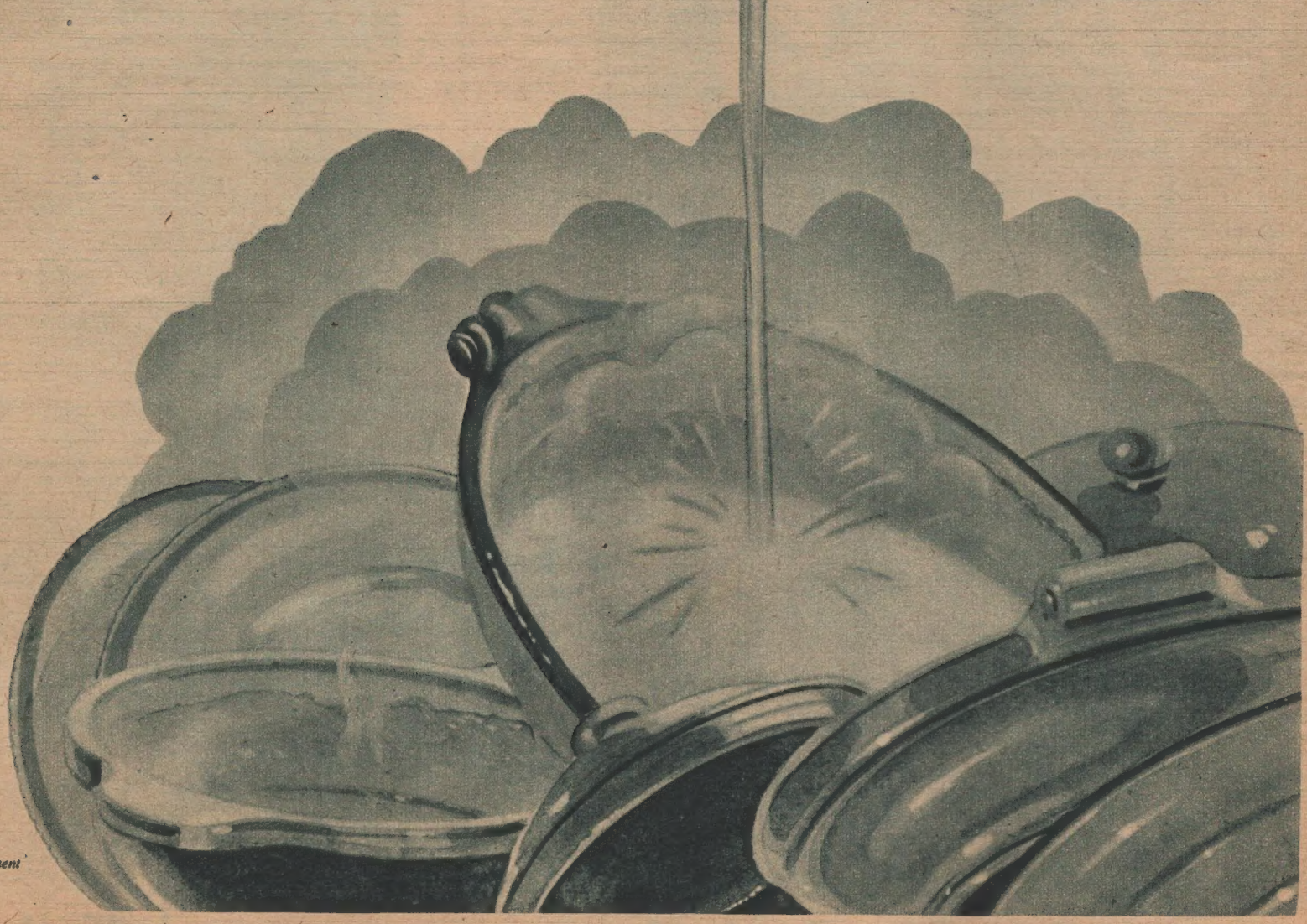

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JOHN BULL

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IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

SCENE OF THE CRIME	*by Margery Sharp*	7
A MAN LIKE JOE	*by Rod McManigal*	18
THEY'LL NEVER MISS ME	*by N. J. Crisp*	21

Articles

HOW WE BUILT THE MAYBEE	*by Henry Barnes*	9
DOCTOR IN THE LION'S DEN	*by David Millwood*	13
YOUR LIFE IN A CRYSTAL	*by Keith Ellis*	20

Serials

THE UNFORGIVEN (Part 2)	*by Alan Le May*	11
RUNNING IN (Part 3)	*by Chris Chataway*	16

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA: 22. HATE: 22, 24, 26, 28, 34. JOKES: 24, 27, 28, 31. MY BROTHER BOB: 25. STARKE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK: 29. COAST HOTEL: 31. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 33.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Margery Sharp—she writes her novels before dinner

IMMEDIATELY Margery Sharp finished writing her new story, *Scene Of The Crime* (page 7) she sent the manuscript to Scotland Yard. There a detective friend of hers subjected it to the sort of minute examination that he usually reserves for his most promising clues. "It's an arrangement that suits us both," she says. "The detective confesses that vetting thrillers is one criminal investigation he really enjoys."

Miss Sharp was still a twenty-one year old student at London University when she got her first chance to write professionally. Her lively wit and charming speaking voice earned her a debating tour of America, and her vivid reports of the trip for a London evening newspaper earned her £28. This she considered sufficient for retirement—to a bed-sitter in Paddington. Two years later, in 1930, the first of her fifteen novels—most of them later became films or plays—was published.

Now Margery Sharp's success has brought her to chambers in fashionable Albany, just off Piccadilly.

Looking after her home and her husband, Major Geoffrey Castle, who is an aeronautical engineer, usually keeps her busy until lunch-time. She likes housework, and polishing the silver and furniture—"I often think I would have enjoyed being a parlourmaid." Then, after a walk in the park and a swim, she starts work at three o'clock. She may spend three hours flicking idly through magazines, but for one hour before dinner she really gets down to writing. Fortunately for her readers, Margery Sharp doesn't like cooking. "And luckily for my husband, I employ a good cook."

DOUGLAS GIBSON was walking along the seafront at Westcliff in Essex one gusty Monday morning when he spotted sheets billowing on a clothes line in an hotel garden. "I got the impression that the building would be whisked away out to sea at any moment," he says, "so I wrote a poem about it." The poem, *Coast Hotel*, appears on page 31.

Now forty-six, Gibson has been writing poetry for twenty-six years. At one time he turned out three poems a day and, somewhere among two four-foot-high piles of manuscripts at his home at Leigh-on-Sea, are two thousand of them. He has had four hundred poems published or broadcast, as well as dozens of stories.

Gibson, who is married and has two children, scribbles out his thoughts at odd moments. He finds inspiration everywhere—in sand castles, a butterfly settling on a flower, or workers massing for the train journey home. His wife, Dorothy, writes plays. His fourteen-year-old daughter Carol prefers painting and drawing; eleven-year-old Christopher showed an aptitude for verse and once won a prize for a poem. "Now he seems to have left poetry behind," says Gibson, "and gone on to science fiction."

News for homeproud housewives!

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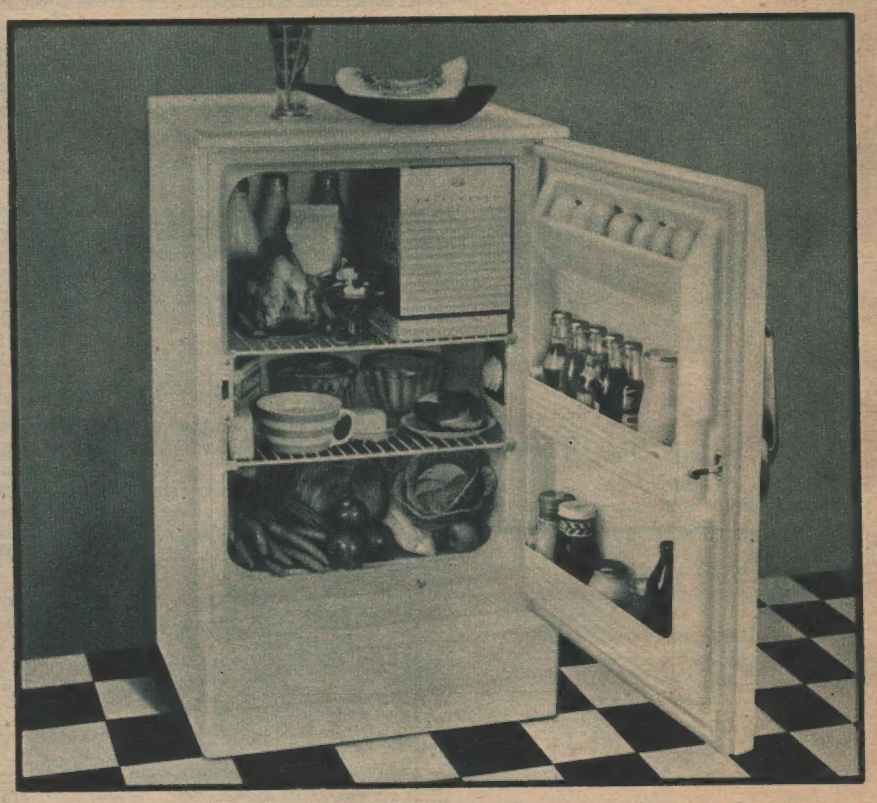

A luxury refrigerator—WITHOUT a luxury price-tag!

Frigidaire MY-31T: 5½ sq. ft. shelf area; only 21″ wide x 21″ deep x 35⅝″ high

Now your home can have what every nice home deserves: a real *Frigidaire* in Cotswold Cream, Sherwood Green, Mayfair Pink, Olympic Red or Snowy White — for only 65 guineas!

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M-W.430

Free Speech

- **How to cut those holiday bills**
- **The toddler who floated downstairs**
- **Helping the victims of hit and run**

OUR neighbours were sceptical when we set off for our last holiday. But we were as brown as berries when we got back and full of the fun we had had.

Our breakfasts were served in an eighteenth-century room smelling of coffee and leather; we went boating and fishing on the lake and spent cool summer evenings sipping drinks on the terrace, listening to the lazy chit-chat of the natives.

On our last night we took part in a gay dance at which the local priest wished us a charming farewell on behalf of all our new friends.

No, it wasn't Switzerland or Lake Como. It was a country pub near a reservoir a mere two-and-tenpenny bus ride from home. — MRS. A. S., London, W.C.2.

One Way Traffic

We have a sixteen-year-old German boy staying with us for the summer term and studying at the local grammar school under the good offices of the Educational Interchange Council. But our son of the same age who wants to pay a similar visit to Germany can't do so because the scheme doesn't appear to operate in reverse.

He is determined to visit Germany anyway, but he won't have the benevolent aid of the Council in buying travel tickets, meeting students at set points and arranging reasonably priced board and lodging. This seems a pity to me.—MRS. D. WELLS, Shrewsbury, Salop.

"We get 120 German children wanting to spend a term at British schools each year, but only one or two British children wanting to go to Germany," says the Educational Interchange Council. "We try to help individuals like Master Wells as much as possible, but we are a voluntary organization and find it easier to make really detailed arrangements for groups."

Iron In His Soul

Before G. H., of Hatfield, criticizes ironmongers' assistants ("Free Speech," May 25) he should consider the number of jobs about which they are expected to have a working knowledge: plumbing, carpentry, decorating, electrical, cooking, housework, bricklaying, plastering, tiling, heating and ventilation, to name but a few.

If ironmongers' assistants were paid professional rates for the expert advice which some customers expect

I could understand G. H.'s complaint. But shop assistants are among the lowest paid workers in the country.—D. GILBERT, Edward Road, East Croydon, Surrey.

Refuse Refusal?

We have always criticized people who dump old mattresses or bedsteads in the countryside. But now we have an old mattress of our own and no garden in which to burn it. The dustman won't take it, nor will the rag-and-bone man. So it looks as though we will have to wait our chance to dump it in a ditch or behind a hedge.—JOAN HILL, Welbourn, Lincolnshire.

"A mattress is a borderline case between household refuse and junk," says the Association of Municipal Corporations. "Nobody is actually responsible for removing junk, but most refuse collection supervisors would arrange to help householders in such circumstances—if they were approached."

Stragglers' Rest

I was interested in the description by Mrs. A. L. France, of Skegness, of the lone straggler in a flight of geese

("Free Speech," May 25). It's generally believed in Alberta, Canada, where I lived for many years, that the straggler is the previous leader of the formation and is flying slowly behind to rest. When the leader swings back he exchanges positions with the straggler, and this is repeated until the long journey is finished. — MRS. L. G. MOORE, Aspen Gardens, Mitcham, Surrey.

Powerful Fungus

I'm not as surprised as J. B., of Sunderland, that rhubarb can push through concrete ("Free Speech," June 1). Toadstools underneath a shed in which I was working once raised a six-foot square concrete floor slab nearly five inches—and the concrete was six inches thick.—PHILIP BROWN, Hampstead, N.W.6.

Deathless Craft

R. S., of Birmingham, who is glad that craftmanship is on the way out ("Free Speech," May 25), obviously isn't a motoring enthusiast or he would realize that hand-built sports cars of the 1928-34 period are unbeatable. They were built to last, so the stocks of spares made with them are still plentiful. Modern car designs are scrapped soon after the next model starts coming off the assembly lines, and spares become so scarce that owners of new cars are constantly selling their cars at a loss to buy new ones.—A. M , Pontypridd.

. . . If R. S. buys cheap cars and furniture he will never have a penny in the bank. He will always be spending money on replacements. — MRS. G. I. LEVERETT, Earlham Road, Norwich, Norfolk.

Flights Of Fancy

My most vivid memory of early childhood is that when I was two or three years old I seemed never to walk downstairs. I just took off from the top and floated gently down.

I distinctly remember climbing on a chair to fasten a cupboard door, after which I stepped off and floated slowly to the floor. This was over forty-five years ago, yet it is so clear that I can remember the position of the cupboard and the colour of it.

Is this a common childhood delusion? I obviously didn't really try it or I would have had some nasty falls.—MRS. N. C., Gravesend, Kent.

"Our memories of early years are frequently confused and improved upon," says a psychologist, "and this unusual condensation of actual events might well reflect a very happy childhood."

Aid For The Hit Hurt

Motor insurance rates are going up again. Surely it's time that Parliament compelled insurance companies to set up a common fund so that victims of hit-and-run drivers could get compensation.—H. M., Keighley, Yorkshire.

The Motor Insurers' Bureau was set up in 1946 to help road accident victims who are awarded damages by a Court but can't get compensation because whoever was responsible for the accident wasn't properly insured.

"Our liability doesn't include victims of unknown hit-and-run drivers," says the Bureau, "but we often agree to pay compensation in such cases."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

EVERY schoolgirl knows that the telephone was Dr. Bell's gift to designing daughters. No power in any normal household will loosen a young woman's grip on the receiver once she is in possession. To some members of the family an endless series of calls may be entertaining or even instructive, but to the experienced ear of Father in A. E. Batchelor's cover they sound like trouble. If he listens hard enough he might be able to find out. . . . Oh! Did she forget to mention that she was arranging a small party? Yes, in his sitting-room — *please!*

Capture Colour

WITH THE KODAK BANTAM Colorsnap CAMERA

Just press the button

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW how exciting picture taking can be till you snap in rich real-life colour. And you'll never know how easy it is until you try the Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera. Here at last is press-button colour. No need for any photographic knowledge. This colour camera is made for the ordinary snapshotter. You load with 'Kodachrome'—the world-famous colour film—in convenient 8-exposure rolls. Follow the simple instructions on the camera back and press the button.

You capture the full beauty of natural colour with the Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera. It also takes first-rate black-and-white pictures. See this fine camera at your Kodak dealer's. **£12 . 10 . 2d.** inc. tax.

Choose your way to enjoy your colour pictures

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You can have 'Kodak' Colour prints or enlargements made from your transparencies. See your Kodak dealer about them.

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One of the most enjoyable ways to view your transparencies is on this compact 'Kodaslide' Table Projector. Shows them brilliantly enlarged 16 times in area.

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You can project your transparencies big and brilliant on to a home screen—see every glorious tint and detail. Ask your dealer about 'Kodak' projectors.

IT'S Kodak FOR COLOUR

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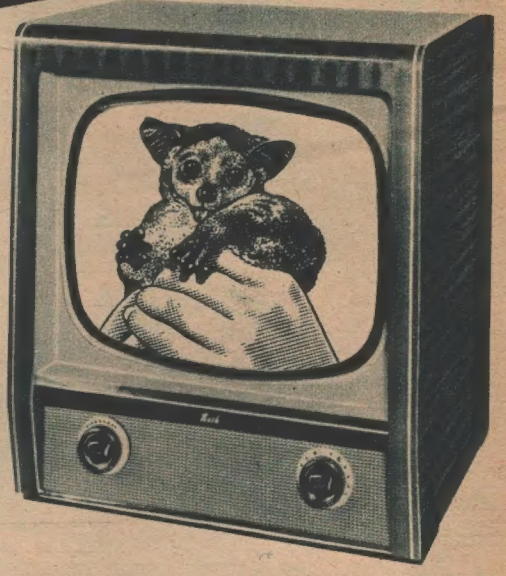
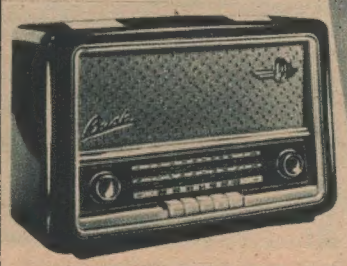


Bush TV.66 17-inch full-specification table model in handsome sapele veneer cabinet. Bush "Telepic" tuner enables you to switch instantly to the BBC or ITA programmes. Grand value at **74 gns.** tax paid.

25 TRIUMPHANT YEARS . . .

. . . years that have a telling influence on the magnificent 1957 Bush models. For the future is built upon the past—and a generation of Bush progress is reflected in the impressive performance of the latest sets. Equally important is their unchallenged ability to give you long, troublefree service. When you buy a 1957 Bush set—radio or television—you get the very latest in design, matched by the utmost value for every penny spent. You can be sure that your set is built *up* to a standard and not *down* to a price. Nothing in the specification has been sacrificed to reduce the cost—that's why Bush sets are "full-specification" sets. Ask your Bush dealer to demonstrate the splendid new Bush range.



The Bush VHF.61 table radio is an example of modern British craftsmanship at its very best. It has all the most up-to-date features, including magic-eye tuning and piano-key selection. AC mains only. Splendid value at **28 gns.** tax paid.

LOOK AND LISTEN TO BUSH

TELEVISION FROM 59 GNS. V.H.F. RADIO FROM 22 GNS.

Scene of the crime

by MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN

He could stand around for hours, watching the cops make fools of themselves. What a laugh!

THE man who came out of Alcock Mansions at 5.41 p.m. on May 30 was shortish, youngish, spare, with light grey eyes and light brown hair. He wore a nondescript dark suit, blue shirt, no hat. His name, James—or Jamesy—Roberts, was as commonplace and unmemorable as the rest of him. His only distinction was that he had just killed.

In No. 20 Alcock Mansions (third floor, first on right) Colonel Henry Reginald Pennon lay bludgeoned with his own doorstop. It had made a surprisingly well-balanced weapon: a weighted foot, in the shape of a squat brass elephant, firmly attached to an eighteen-inch brass rod for convenient handling. Jamesy had had his eye on it from the moment the conversation turned nasty.

Not that it had been what you might call a pleasant conversation from the beginning. Indeed, if the colonel hadn't opened the door himself, he most likely wouldn't have talked with Jamesy at all. But there were no

Jamesy swung the doorstop down; and when he saw what damage it had done to the colonel, he swung it again and again . . .

spit-and-polish orderlies to servant him now—a thought which gave Jamesy extreme satisfaction—and Jamesy got his foot in.

"Well, and what do you want?" demanded Colonel Pennon brusquely.

"The name's Roberts," said Jamesy. "Ex-Gunner, J."

"You needn't tell me that," said the colonel. "I remember you perfectly." (It was said of Colonel Pennon that he never forgot the name, face or rank of any man who had served under his command, and this was generally true. In any case, he had good reason for remembering ex-Gunner Roberts, J.) "I think you've no business with me, nor I with you," said Colonel Pennon.

"My opinion's otherwise," stated Jamesy, with aplomb.

The colonel looked at him.

"Sir," added Jamesy.

"If you've come to apologize for your impudence in asking for a reference, you may do so," conceded Colonel Pennon, "and go."

"All I want's a word," complained Jamesy. It had been a mistake, he recognized it, speaking up too soon.

"Which you have now had," said Colonel Pennon.

"All right, all I want now is a bit of justice," whimpered Jamesy. "It's not like you, sir. I've heard it said of you time and again, to send a man down unheard. . . ."

All that was best in the colonel trapped him.

"Very well," said Colonel Pennon. "Come in and I'll give you five minutes."

It was as they entered the tiny sitting-room that Jamesy first noticed the doorstop. Colonel Pennon, accustomed to living in larger quarters, used it to prop open the door between sitting-room and lobby, thus giving himself a bit more air.

At this point, Jamesy simply noticed it, his attention being chiefly taken up with observing the same narrowness of accommodation it was designed to mitigate. *Here's comedown,* Jamesy was thinking—pleasure and contempt mingling; so this was all a colonel's pension ran to.

He had naturally no knowledge that it ran also to a provision for two ancient ladies—the colonel's aunts—in a neat little cottage in the country; and had he known, would have thought their nephew a fool.

Superimposed on the room's original décor were the classic trophies of a military and bachelor life: regimental group photographs, cups for polo and steeplechasing; a leopard-skin rug on the floor; draping a chair back, a square of Indian silk, curiously embroidered with peacocks in whose tails glittered scraps of looking-glass for eyes.

The chief piece of furniture was a large, flat desk, accurately laid out with writing materials, behind which Colonel Pennon now seated himself. Jamesy was left standing opposite him across it, on the side nearer the door, as though he was up on a charge.

"Now then, what's this about justice?" demanded the colonel.

"I'm being done out of a job," muttered Jamesy.

The colonel looked at him.

"Sir. . . ."

"You may go on," said Colonel Pennon.

"Wishing to apply for the place of bar-steward at the Artillery Club and hoping you'd speak for me," said Jamesy rapidly. "Hoping you'd give me a reference. A week since I wrote, asking. And what've you done? Not so much as answered the letter. When I found you in the phone book, *There's someone who'll speak for me,* I thought——"

"Stop!" ordered Colonel Pennon. "Now you listen to me. You had no business to ask me for a reference, and you must have known it. You must have known that I could, by no possibility, give you one. Why were you discharged?"

Jamesy jerked his shoulders. "It was all a put-up job, like I said at the time—bombardier and those other chaps having their knife into me. . . ."

"Stealing from your comrades," stated Colonel Pennon. "And you hoped I'd recommend you for a position of trust." He stared at James with genuine if distasteful curiosity. "I'm damned if I know what was in your mind."

JAMESY moistened his lips. So far the conversation had gone much as he'd expected; now he was coming to the part he had been looking forward to.

"P'raps you didn't read my letter very careful? My letter which you didn't see fit to answer?"

"No answer was required," said Colonel Pennon shortly.

"You didn't read that P.T.O.? I put it specially, P.T.O., thinking to catch the eye. I s'pose you haven't got it by you now?"

"I tore it up and it went out with the rubbish," said Colonel Pennon. "Proper place for it. Now then——"

"What I *said* in the P.T.O.," continued Jamesy, with returning confidence, "was how I'd met a chap as writes for a newspaper. P'raps not quite the paper *you'd* take in, being all for the underdog, but a big circulation nonetheless. He's making up a piece on army scandals and when I told him how I'd been Sonny-Boy's batman. . . ."

For the moment Jamesy saw he need say no more. He saw the colonel, though stiff as an image, remembering Sonny-Boy. It had been the men's nickname for the extraordinarily popular, handsome young subaltern who'd dipped into the sports fund. Legend had it that when the facts came to light, Colonel Pennon went into Sonny-Boy's quarters and came out with Sonny-Boy's revolver, also with tears in his eyes.

There were the makings of a barrack-room ballad in the affair; Colonel Pennon, as all well knew, being kind hearted towards that young officer as to a favourite son.

"As you might say, he's lived it down—the same as I," proceeded Jamesy, after a sufficient pause. "His name wouldn't pass my lips, still less get back into print, if I'd any sort of a living. Get me a decent job——"

Still stiff as an image—"Has your journalist

Continued on page 24

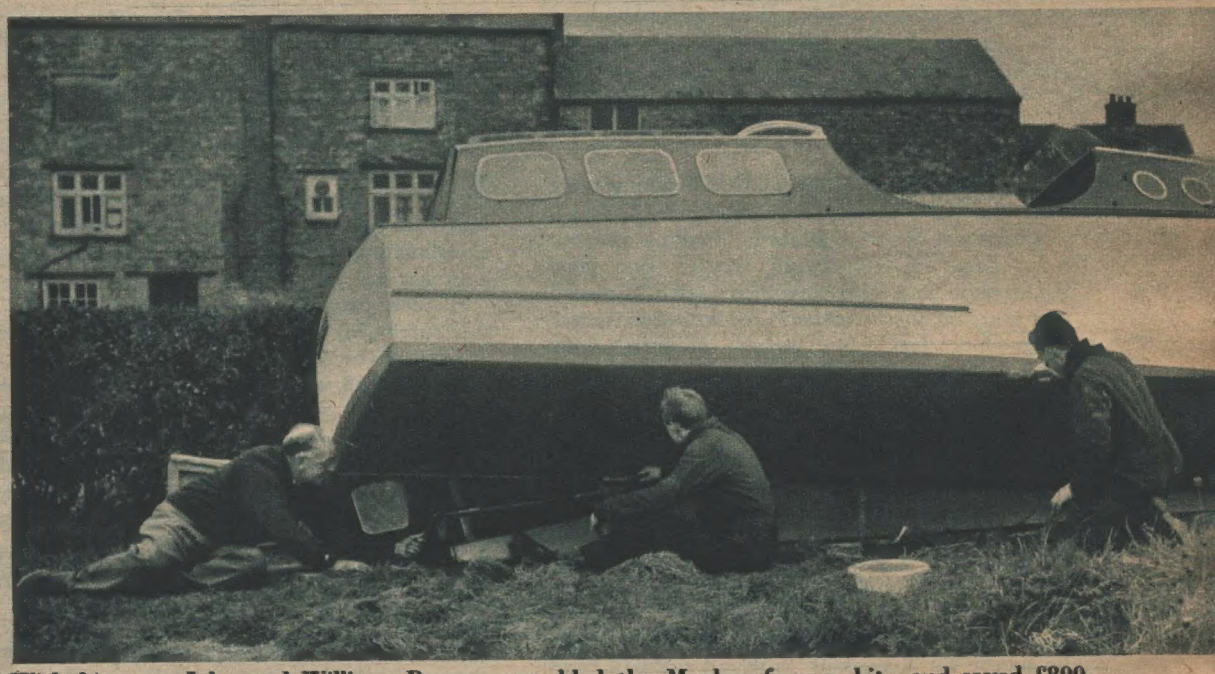
On the last flight of stairs, he met bad luck. The stairs were narrow; the basket-laden woman stopped. "It's either you go up," she panted, "or me go down"

How we built the Maybee

by HENRY BARNES

We had £200 and our leisure to spare. So our family built a dream boat. Then we took the holiday of our lives, and cruised into a carefree world where time doesn't matter

Barnes, his wife and daughter clean up the Maybee. About 10,000 people now own powered boats on our canals and rivers



With his sons John and William, Barnes assembled the Maybee from a kit—and saved £800

On a glorious day last summer we launched the Maybee into the Grand Union Canal from Hickman's timber yard, a mile north of Wolverton, in Buckinghamshire. My wife and our twelve-year-old daughter, Gwennie May, looked on from the opposite bank. John, our younger boy, an enthusiastic eighteen-year-old, kept an eye on the plank stretchers staying out the ropes slung double below the keel. They had been his idea to protect the brand-new varnish during the launching.

John and I and my other son, William, aged twenty, had spent almost all our spare time for a year building the boat. The list price for a custom-built, four-berth cabin cruiser of this type, completely fitted, is about £1,000. Here, dropping gently towards the water, was a cruiser of our own, ready for a family of five. And she had cost less than £200.

My plan that evening was to take the Maybee as far as Castlethorpe Wharf, a couple of miles to the north, and anchor by the lawn of the Navigation Inn, which is only a mile and a half from my home.

The steering was woolly and the canal seemed to grow narrower as, after half a mile of rather unsteady progress, we crossed the Iron Trunk, an aqueduct with a parapet only a few inches high. The water slaps against the iron side and there is a drop of some fifty feet to the River Ouse, flowing underneath.

Soon after this I had to give up. Feeling rather like Humphrey Bogart hauling The African Queen through the swamps, I jumped ashore into the long, wet grass of the little-used towpath and, with the bowline over my shoulder, began towing.

At Castlethorpe, John put on his bathing slip and went over the side, under the stern. He came up looking concerned. "Rudder's gone," he reported. It was our first and only accident. Two days later, with a new rudder which we made the same night from a piece of phenol-bonded marine ply, we set off on our first cruise. It was the best family holiday we have ever had.

Only twelve months before, the Maybee had been no more than a shape marked out on a concrete floor. The idea had come to me on a June evening when I walked down to the canal to watch John and William fishing. The sun was setting and everything was so peaceful that it seemed like a different world. I wrote off that night to a society of canal enthusiasts—the Inland Waterways Association—and asked for advice. I was given the address of a Leicester firm specializing in boat-building kits.

The firm's catalogue cost half a crown, but it saved me several hundred pounds and at least six months in building time. The materials for a basic hull (eighteen feet) and keel were listed at £98 18s. By spacing out the building frames the length could be increased. Each foot above the minimum would cost £3 os. 6d. (Both sets of prices have since been increased slightly.)

We needed a fore cabin for the boys and a main cabin aft big enough for us all to eat in, with Gwennie tucked in on the floor at night between the two bunks. Everything had to be fitted into a beam width of six feet eight inches. After a great deal of head scratching, the result was the sketch of a twenty-four footer which I hoped would provide room to move about comfortably and still have a good shipshape line.

With some misgivings, I sent off a cheque for £117 13s. 6d. for materials, including 10s. for the detailed drawings. The instructions were contained in the catalogue. I remember my wife saying, as I sealed the envelope: "I hope we are doing the right thing."

We live in the country and I was lucky in getting the use of a good-sized shed—although the boat could, if necessary, have been built outside. About a week later I cycled in from my job as an engineer to find John hopping with curiosity round two packing-cases, eight feet by four feet by one foot. The twenty-four foot stringers, the slender wooden members which run the length of the boat, holding the cross-frames together, were bundled separately. It seemed hardly possible that a whole cabin cruiser, big enough to float and sleep five people, could emerge from these few cases.

We started building that evening.

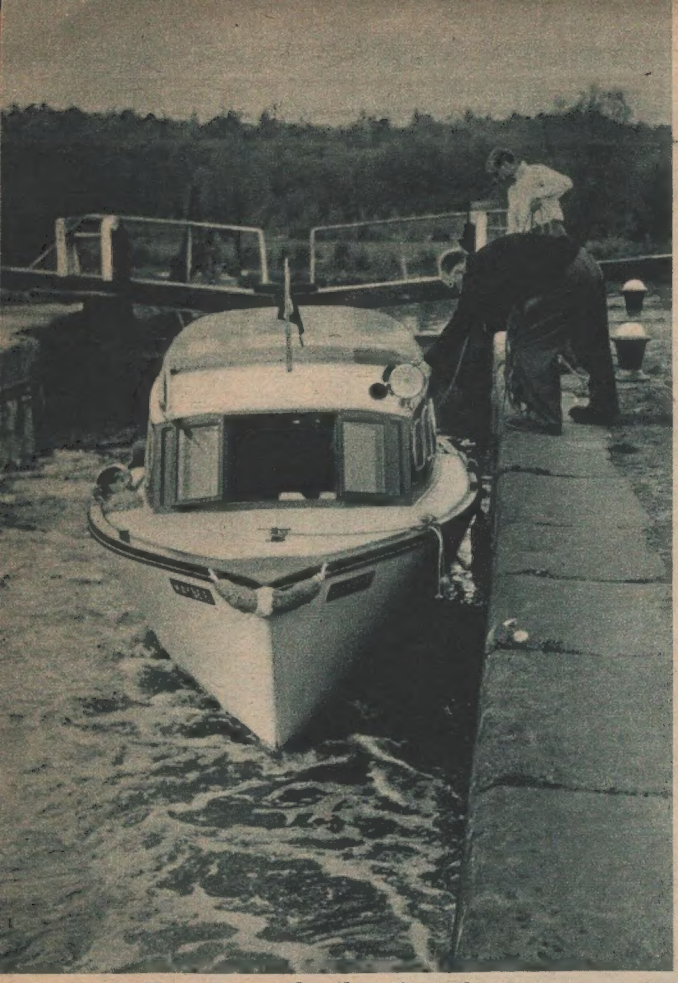
With a drill and screwdriver we plugged a set of small wooden blocks, as instructed, into the shed floor. Three hours later we had completed the skeleton of the boat—upside down.

With a wife named May and a daughter Gwennie May and a whole lot more "maybes" which were sure to crop up while building, one thing at any rate was settled. The boat already had a name. Thereafter, when we worked on her, she was not just any boat. She was the Maybee.

Bending the stressed mahogany ply skin over the bows gave us our only real difficulty. It comes in panels, already shaped, and thanks to the modern synthetic glues developed for use in high-speed naval craft and wartime aeroplanes is enormously strong. Hard as we tried we could not press it into place.

In the end we steamed it on. Under a hot, saturated blanket, laid on several times like a poultice, the ply bent to the shape of the frame, ready for screwing and gluing.

The hull was finished. It had taken us a



Two thousand miles of canals are open to cruising enthusiasts. A State licence for a twenty-five foot craft costs £8 a year

month, and we had still not spent a penny more than that first cheque.

Meantime, we had all been working out our own ideas for the cabin work. For good equilibrium and safe clearance under bridges I had adopted the kitmakers' recommended headroom—four feet nine inches measured from cabin floor to ceiling, which is quite high enough for reasonable comfort. With a length of six feet six inches in the main cabin we could, when necessary, sit three aside.

May's only demand for the galley was that she should be able to work at it without having the rest of the passengers perpetually pushing by. So I designed it to be in its own recess, just aft of the boys' quarters, with a big shelf for a primus and other shelves underneath for pots and pans and crockery. The engine cover would be handy for a working table. I decided right from the beginning to carry our water supply by jerrycan. This, I thought, would make sure of not running dry—and might discourage waste.

We designed tapering bunks for the boys in the fore cabin. This left room for a shelf in the bow end for stowing all the sleeping bags and blankets and Gwennie's inflatable mattress when not in use. It also enabled us to arrange a sealed-off lavatory, with the door opening towards the cockpit.

For the cabin building material I had to thank a lifelong hoarding habit. All the cabin uprights came from a Victorian mahogany wardrobe which I bought during the war. For some other parts we dipped into the remains of a barrow-load of first World War aero timber which I acquired for half a crown at a factory closing-down sale during my engineering apprenticeship more than thirty years before. Old bits of brass and half-inch steel plate went on to the lathe to become eyebolts, rudder unit, ladder hooks, canopy pivots, flagholder and so on. We probably saved £100 in this way.

Three-eighths inch marine ply in the cabin sides and one-quarter inch in the roofs ensured strength without top heaviness. The aft-cabin table was made to fold flat against the wall below the rear windows when not in use to leave the cabin gangway floor completely clear.

All this took several months. Meantime, there was the question of the engine. The list price of £239 17s. 4d., including extras, was not for us. We began studying advertisements and found an Austin Seven engine, newly converted for marine use, twenty-three years old, but obviously in first-class order. If anything, it had too much power—four horse power would have been enough. We bought it for £20.

We are very proud of our hand-made oak steering wheel. To avoid dodging about between this and the engine when cruising we rigged up a slightly Heath-Robinson, but nevertheless effective, set of connections, involving Bowden wire, rods and bicycle cranks, passing below the cockpit floorboards and operated by levers on the wheel panel.

The final stages of the fitting out were done on the drive in front of our house where we could see the boat and develop ideas about her whenever we passed. Later we manoeuvred the Maybee on to a borrowed pole-wagon trailer. From the trailer we slid her on to a cradle rigged up in the drive. There she sat so firmly that, long before she was launched, we were able to use the cabins as spare bedrooms.

May, who was by now deeply involved, had fitted flowered chintz curtains at the windows.

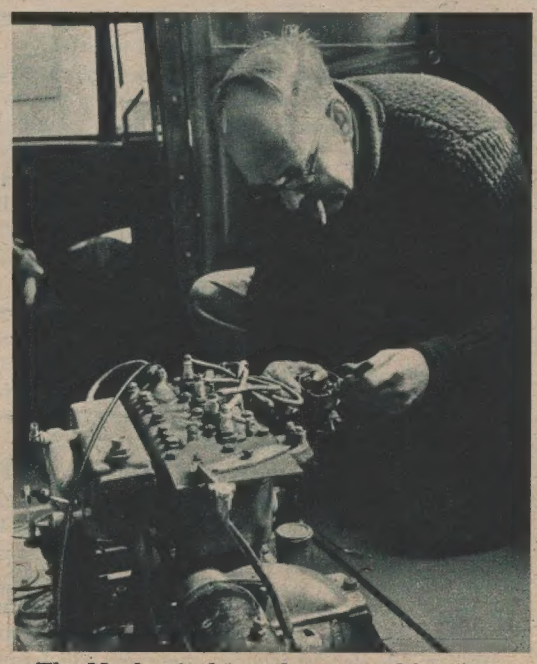
The window frames we made out of aluminium strip. For the galley and toilet portholes we simply bent it on a round wooden block in spirals, which we then cut to length. The wooden shapes removed in cutting the other window openings provided their own templates. This method ensured an exact fit. Only the rear window of the main cabin hinges open, and we seldom found it necessary to close it.

Finally, came the painting and varnishing—a long job in which all the family joined. Then we had to get her to the water. Our narrow Buckinghamshire lanes are not made for twenty-four foot cabin cruisers, and we had an anxious time inching her along the winding four and a half miles.

It took us five and a half hours before she was safely in the water and tied to the bank in front of the Navigation Inn.

On July 18 we loaded up with cooking gear, crockery and stores—boiled bacon, two dozen eggs, rashers, a quart of milk, a couple of loaves, tins of corned beef. The canal men had told us that we would be able to buy anything else we wanted on the way, either at stores specializing in serving them or at canalside pubs. Later on, the two-burner primus proved itself able to cope with steaks and chops as well as steamed puddings.

Into the cupboard under the driving seat went shaving kit, mooring pickets, a one-pound hammer, lock key and the spare petrol jerrycan. This cupboard also holds the six-volt battery. And I found room, too, just to be on the safe side, for a padsaw, a hacksaw, pliers and a kit of spanners for the engine bolts. (We didn't, I am glad to say, need them.)



The Maybee is driven by a second-hand car engine, giving sixteen miles to a gallon of petrol. It could be converted for paraffin

In went our kapok-filled sleeping bags (government surplus) and the inflatable mattress, and at 7.30 p.m., after a two-hour hold-up for rain, Jan Ware, the landlord of the Navigation, waved us goodbye.

All we had forgotten were the fenders to protect the sides. "It'ud be a shame to knock a pretty little boat like that," said lock-keeper "Jimmy" James, helping us through our first flight of locks at Stoke Bruerne. "I'll make you some."

This was our first sample of the kindness shown us everywhere. There was another next morning. It had rained all night. From her cottage by the lock, Sister Mary Ward, B.E.M., who for a large part of her life has nursed and given first-aid to canal men and their families, came down to see us. "I made up beds in case you wanted them," she said.

We now began to feel a little nervous about the passage through Blisworth Tunnel. Although the lock-keeper was going to phone ahead to the next lock to warn that we were coming, we couldn't help reflecting that the pitch-black tunnel is nearly two miles long and that we had not yet done very much more than that by daylight. "Switch your headlight on," advised Sister Mary, "keep your hand near the hooter and if you meet anything take a deep breath and don't panic."

We plunged into the blackness, with water dripping all round us. Twenty-five minutes later we emerged, having gone right through without even a touch on the sides. After that we considered ourselves to be true boatmen.

As the days slipped by we each evolved our own routine. There was always something to do. Working the locks, coiling lines, swabbing decks. For me the best moments of all were when I had crawled out to make early morning tea and stood waiting for the kettle to whistle while the sun thinned the mist in the trees and the only sound was the moorhens scuttling.

We turned into the Leicester arm of the canal, now largely disused and covered with water lilies. For one glorious day we idled there—and learned that water lilies, though beautiful, clog the propeller. John, our diver, didn't mind going overboard to clear it, but since then we have cut a watertight box in the aft-cabin floor so that we can clear the propeller easily without going overboard.

We have made other changes, too. Steel plates, which we cut ourselves, have been added to each side of the keel to keep the bows up a little more. Acoustic tiles, fitted to the inside of the engine housing, have cut down noise by almost half. I deliberately did not make a permanent fixing of the lighting wiring until we had had a chance to test the suitability and positions of the lamps. This has now been done, and in future we shall be able to enjoy reading in bed, with two three-watt festoon bulbs (the sort used in car trafficators) on either side of the cabin. And we have replaced the lashed cockpit awning with one of the pram type, pivoting back.

We have also built our own dinghy at a cost of less than £20. This was necessary because private boats are not allowed to moor on the towpath bank of the canal.

In fact, the canal and the boat have become so much a part of our lives that we have decided to move house and live next to them. I discovered our new home in the village of Cosgrove, near Wolverton, while on a day cruise. It has a door opening on to the towpath and was formerly a canalmen's inn called The Barge.

When we move the Maybee will be moored in sight of our windows. As well as being a boat, she will be our floating guest suite. THE END

THE UNFORGIVEN

by ***ALAN LE MAY***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

This was a time of fear for Rachel . . . fear of the unknown, fear of the terrible Kiowa moon. She knew there was only one man to whom she could turn—Ben

Rachel moved close to Ben. "What did those Indians want of us?" she asked. For some moments he looked straight into her eyes. "They were trying to buy you," he answered

FOR seventeen years the Zachary family had lived in fear—fear that someone, some day, would tell Rachel the secret they had kept from her. It was Georgia Rawlins, a neighbour visiting their Texas homestead, who screamed the truth in hot-tempered indiscretion.

"You're no Zachary," she told Rachel. "You're nothing but a catch-colt, a foundling—picked up bare-nekkid in the road, at that."

The quarrel began when Rachel, oddly jealous, chided Georgia for hanging so much around Ben Zachary, her eldest brother and head of the family. Georgia normally was taken up with Cash, the middle of the three Zachary brothers, but Cash was cattle-driving on the Wichita trail.

"Out of sight, out of mind," Rachel said, her resentment of the other girl suddenly popping sparks like a sap log. It was then that Georgia's temper flared and she spoke the words that cut into Rachel's heart.

One thing Rachel did not know even then: the Zacharys' hold on the Dancing Bird range was endangered by her presence. Crazy old Abe Kelsey, who hated the Zacharys, had spread the rumour that Rachel was a Kiowa foundling. It was the kind of theory that easily took root in the blood-soaked Texas of 1874.

Already Kelsey's words had jaundiced relations between the Zachary and Rawlins families. Even worse than that, if the Kiowas believed his tale, they would come in force against the Zachary homestead. Strangely, for so cruel a people, they set great store by their own kin. . . .

In her distress, Rachel appealed to Matthilda, the woman she thought her mother.

"What did she mean—what could she mean?" Rachel asked.

Long ago, Matthilda had planned for this moment but now the years came between. She could not remember even the inadequate answers she had planned. And in that moment of groping it became too late.

"So it's true, then," Rachel said. . . .

PART TWO

A Visit From The Kiowas

NOW, for almost a week, Rachel tried to find herself. It seemed that her whole identity had been struck away. These familiar people with whom she lived were in reality strangers; they fed and sheltered her by tolerance and charity, not in accordance with her rights, for she had no rights.

She wanted to get away and lose herself, where nobody knew her and who she was couldn't matter. Yet she did not know how to turn her back on these people who had done everything for her that had ever been done.

She tried to find out how the Zacharys had come by her in the first place, and Matthilda told her part of the truth. Rachel's natural parents were unknown, she admitted, and this was true. But here Matthilda began changing the facts a little bit. She said that Rachel had accidentally got left behind by a wagon on its way to California, at a rest-over camp called Possum Stop. Nobody knew which wagon, or why the family had never come back to look for their baby. . . .

It came out a whole lot more lie than truth before Matthilda wiggled out of it, perhaps because so little truth was known.

Matthilda tried to comfort Rachel every way she could think of, for she was as miserable as the girl. She had often told Rachel that men hated to see women cry, and that she must teach herself never to weep before anyone. But when everything else failed, Matthilda herself fell back on tears.

"I wanted a baby girl so much," she said. "I was so happy making your little clothes. . . . All of us loved you so, and wanted you so—didn't you want us?"

Rachel did love Matthilda very dearly; which

Carr tried to hide his annoyance at Matthilda's interruption. He politely took off his hat to her

was not hard, for no gentler spirit could be imagined. But now she was cloyed and repelled. Wanting to be left alone, she pretended she was satisfied, and that everything was all right.

She asked: "How much do the boys know?"

"Andy doesn't know," Matthilda said. "He wasn't born then. And Cash—well—I don't think he ever thinks about such things. Ben knows, of course; he was seven then. But we promised each other that it would be our secret. We wanted you to be just our own." Then, pleadingly, while those ready tears threatened again: "We don't need to say anything to them —or to anybody, ever."

Matthilda wanted everything put back just as it had been before. But Rachel did not feel that this could ever be. *All my life I'll wonder who I am,* she thought. And then a strange new idea came to her. *Why, then, Ben isn't my brother. He isn't even my cousin. He isn't any relation at all. . . .*

Of course, the same thing was true of Cash and Andy, but with them it seemed to make small difference. With Ben it was somehow a peculiarly disturbing, even frightening thought, after thinking of him as a brother for so long.

Ben had always been more in Rachel's thoughts than the other two had ever been. She had never realized before how often she wondered where he was and what he was doing, whenever he was out of sight, which was most of the time. Now she reached into the past, and most of the things she remembered best were mixed up with Ben.

In a few days she was thinking: *All I want is to wait on him, and take care of him. Even if he marries somebody else, I'd be happy if I could just work for him all my life.* But later she knew it wasn't so. *No—I couldn't stand for anybody else to have him. I'd rather die. . . .*

She began to light up again; and Matthilda was so relieved to see it that she never dared to ask her what had come over her.

Rachel sent a note out to Georgia, by Andy. "I take pen in hand to say I'm right sorry," she wrote. "I had no call to act up so. You taken me by surprise, first off, but I see now you told me something I bad needed to know, and I'm right thankful."

Georgia's prompt, scrawled answer appeared to have been written in the saddle. "Friend Rachel," it began, and went on to express relief. She hadn't told anybody what their quarrel was about, and hoped Rachel hadn't. What she needed was her mouth sewed up, Georgia finished.

So they fixed it up, as they thought, and just about in time. For now the moon was coming full again, and that meant the chance of Indian trouble.

Kiowas travelled only by moonlight. The periods when danger might be expected from them lasted less than a week either side of the full moon, but were such a nuisance that they seemed to come directly on top of each other, and to last for ever.

While the moon was full, the Zacharys could never leave the house unarmed, and even in broad daylight never ventured alone beyond gunshot of support. They had to fort up every night, with battle-shutters barred and weapons ready, as if certain of attack while they slept. After dark they could strike no light, and even the ashes on the hearth had to be drenched, lest a coal should wake and show a gleam. They had to remember where the plaster covered loopholes were in the walls of the house, and be ready to knock them open with a blow.

If a Kiowa scout came feeling out their defences, the thing to do was to whistle a shot or two over his head without hitting him, as a persuasion to him to look farther. The water barrel had to be kept filled from the well by the creek, the home-made ammunition kept in supply, the gun locks taken down over and over. There was a lot more. The very success of all these precautions made them the more difficult to maintain, for it was pretty hard to keep up to scratch when nothing actually happened.

Ben had been saving the work near home for the Kiowa moon. He waited for daylight before he saddled now, and spent a while cutting for Indian sign.

Rachel watched her chance to catch Ben alone. For a couple of days it seemed as though there was no way this could be done. He had turned short of speech, and was showing strain as if he did not like what his hound-like casting told him was happening around the homestead during these moonlit nights. Sometimes she thought he had guessed what she was up to, and was wary of being cornered.

But on the third day of the Kiowa moon he broke a stirrup leather, and had to stop in the saddle shed to rig another. And there she caught him.

"Funny how seldom you ever see one. An Indian, I mean," Ben said, and rambled on, as if trying to avoid questions by doing all the talking himself. "Once or twice I've seen a little speck a long way off, on a ridge, where nobody ought to be, and that's about all. But there's lots going through here just the same. I've cut three trails in two days, one of eight-ten horses, ridden in travel file, without any loose stock, and another——"

"Ben," Rachel broke in, "I have to know one thing." She came straight at it. "What was the great hurt we did Abe Kelsey?"

"Us? Hurt Kelsey?"

"He hates us, Ben. Why? Because Papa wouldn't help him get his son?"

Ben thought of the time, years ago, when Abe Kelsey had lost his son, Seth. To this day he claimed that the young Kiowa warrior, known as Set-Tayhahna-tay was his boy. Old Zach, Ben's father, was convinced Kelsey was wrong and told him so. Kelsey never forgave him, and after that, seemingly, his mind became unhinged.

After Old Zach's death, Kelsey directed his hatred against the rest of the Zachary family. It was he that put it about that Rachel was no ordinary white foundling, but a stolen Kiowa child. Almost everyone had heard that crazy story—except Rachel. And if the Kiowas ever believed it, they would of a certainty come against the Zacharys, to recover the child.

Abe Kelsey was the worst enemy the Zacharys had. Ben knew it, and was offering his riders a hundred dollars for the old man's scalp.

"The Kiowas don't have Kelsey's son," Ben said now. "I've talked to this Set-Tayhahna-tay—in Kiowa, naturally. He's got two squaws and three-four kids. All this at sixteen—which is the age Kelsey's boy would be? That buck is twenty-two if he's a minute."

"Ben, you mean to tell me that old man would fetch down a raid on us just because Papa wouldn't believe him?"

"A raid? Him? They wouldn't move an inch for him."

"Then why are we so set on killing him?"

Ben hadn't seen it coming. He had dug his own trap and galloped straight into it. He opened his mouth, and closed it, and for a moment wouldn't look at her.

"Horse thief," he said shortly, and shut his

Continued on page 28

Doctor in the lion's den

by DAVID MILLWOOD

The animals you see at Whipsnade often get dangerous aches and pains. Martin Senior braves death to keep them fighting fit

Senior with year-old lion cubs. Once he cured a lion's ingrowing toenail

At Whipsnade, Senior checks up on a European brown bear. To another bear, which had an abscess, he gave twenty times more M and B than would be given to a human

A VERY bad-tempered tiger named Charlie was pacing its cage at Whipsnade Zoo when a keeper noticed that it had a swollen lip. The keeper informed the superintendent, who called in Martin Senior.

Senior, a bluff, sandy-haired Londoner with large, powerful hands, has twenty years' experience of dealing with animal illnesses and is used to taking risks for the sake of his patients. But Charlie's case was particularly tricky. Treating the animal inside the cage was out of the question. A full-grown beast and very strong, Charlie once bent a thick iron bar with a swipe of a paw.

The lip needed regular attention, so it was impracticable to chloroform Charlie every time a dressing was applied. The answer, Senior decided, was to induce the tiger to open its mouth and then to throw a powder dressing on to the swelling.

With the keeper watching in case of accidents, Senior approached the cage and coaxed Charlie towards him. When the tiger settled nearby, Senior deliberately provoked it by tapping on the bars of the cage.

Charlie roared in protest. With a deft movement of his right hand, Senior threw a small pellet of powder into the tiger's gaping mouth and jumped clear. A huge paw slammed against the cage a few inches from his head.

Once again, Senior approached the cage and induced Charlie to roar. This time, he noticed a deep blue stain close to the swollen lip. The stain came from a harmless dye mixed into the pellet to indicate where the dressing had fallen. Well satisfied, he left Charlie roaring and suggested to the keeper that the raw hunks of meat that were the tiger's normal diet should be served finely cut until the swelling disappeared.

Next day, Senior repeated the operation. His aim improved. The blue stain completely covered the swollen lip.

"Soon there was no need to provoke Charlie to open up for me. The whole thing became a kind of game between us. When he saw me coming, he began to snarl. When I arrived, he roared. But I had to keep my wits about me. You can't trust tigers. Charlie often lashed out at me. Sometimes, to take aim, I had to put my hand within a few inches of his head."

Senior kept on with his hazardous treatment until the swelling, which he thinks was probably caused by a bee or wasp sting, disappeared.

How to help a sick tiger, and stay alive, is the kind of problem he often faces. As veterinary surgeon at Whipsnade Zoo, in Bedfordshire, since 1947, Senior is responsible for the health of 1,800 mammals, birds and reptiles, from wrens to rhinos. In one week he may massage a hippo's swollen hip, apply ointment to a cut on a leopard's paw, give medicine to a long-nosed tapir with the sneezes, set a lama's broken leg, perform a post-mortem on a peahen—and find

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glass splinters from a bottle thrown in by visitors—and certify the health of a pair of wallabies before they leave for another zoo on the Continent.

"Some of the more intelligent creatures seem to know that I am trying to help them and they co-operate with me," says Senior, "but it would be foolish to trust them. These are wild animals although they are confined in a zoo—a fact some visitors seem to forget. Once, when I was applying ointment to a tiger's mouth, a young woman shouted: 'Why don't you get inside the cage with him?' as I was reaching through the bars. The tiger lashed out. I was lucky to get my arm out in time. As far as possible, I like to work out of sight of the public."

To cure a cyst on the zoo's most valuable creature, a three-ton rhinoceros named Mohan valued at £2,200, Senior applied new dressings daily. As the cyst was on the rhino's chest, he had to climb almost underneath its body while a keeper distracted its attention with a biscuit.

"Although Mohan is a good-tempered beast, I approached him at first with a certain amount of apprehension," says Senior. "Despite his size, he can move fast."

Mohan became used to the daily routine of the dressing, which took place in the stable. One morning when Senior arrived, however, the keeper said: "Why not do it in the paddock today to save bringing him into the stable?"

By this time Senior was confident enough that Mohan would give no trouble and, as there were few visitors about, he agreed. While he applied the dressing Mohan nibbled at a biscuit offered by the keeper. Suddenly Senior heard a disgusted voice from the public footpath say: "I thought this was supposed to be a *wild* animal."

"It was useless to try and convince anyone who witnessed this scene that Mohan *was* wild," he says.

The animals at Whipsnade live as closely as possible to their natural state in large, open-air paddocks which have sheds for winter shelter. The five hundred acre Whipsnade estate was bought by the Zoological Society of London in 1927 and designed partly as a breeding ground for the Regent's Park Zoo; it was opened to the public four years later. Today the value of the animals there is £73,582, and the annual attendance of visitors is more than half a million.

Chalk and flints dug from the ridge of the Bedfordshire Downs and used to make paths and roads left caves and pits on the Whipsnade estate which were ideal for habitation by lions, tigers and bears. But there is no rocky mountainside for the yaks and, as a result, their hooves soften on the grassy slopes. Once a year, keepers round them up and confine them in crushes so that Senior can pare their hooves.

Fifty-five year old Dixie, an Indian elephant, which went to the zoo in 1932, gets its teeth inspected

Deer, eland, gnus and ankole will not allow anyone close enough to treat them in their paddocks, so Senior has to coax them into loose boxes for treatment. Only in winter, when their natural diet is supplemented, can they be given medicine, which is mixed with their food.

Most of the medicine Senior uses is designed to prevent rather than cure illness. "We do everything we can to keep the stock in one hundred per cent condition so that they have the best possible natural resistance to disease. I give lion cubs vitamin injections to help their growth, and many animals receive regular preventive dosings of worm powder. We found that treacle was a convenient and tasty disguise for the camels' worm powder. It amused visitors to see us feeding them with treacle sandwiches."

Very little is known about correct dosages and wild animals' reaction to drugs, says Senior. Although he uses the latest drugs, including antibiotics and sulphonamides, they do not always work. "A drug that is effective for one animal may be quite useless for another. Also, natural remedies may sometimes do far more good."

Finding that an ostrich with stomach ache did not react to drugs at all, he reasoned that if it were free it would probably be dosing itself by eating herbs. He suggested to a keeper that he should try feeding the ostrich on garden weeds. Within a week, it recovered completely.

"I am often working in the dark," says Senior, "with no precedents or textbook references to guide me. To arrive at the correct dosage, I take the animal's weight and personal idiosyncracies into account. For a polar bear with an abscess on its paw, I gave twenty times the dose of M and B that I would give to a human."

A few months ago, Perry, a twenty-five year old elephant, developed a growth on the leg. Senior decided that the only thing to do was to remove the growth. He performed the operation with the help of a keeper in Perry's stable, using a local anaesthetic.

"The elephant made no fuss at all and is now healing well. But the leg will have to be dressed regularly for some time: elephants take much longer to heal than most animals."

Senior, the forty-three year old bachelor son of a London dental surgeon, lives with his mother a few miles from the zoo. He is on duty twenty-four hours a day. Keepers sometimes give treatment under his direction, but not if there is any danger involved. When lions and other carnivora squabble, it is Senior who applies dressings to their wounds. If the risk is too great, he borrows a chloroform cage from the London Zoo.

Winter is Senior's busiest time, for the cold weather brings coughs, colds, pneumonia and digestive troubles. During the cold spell at the end of last year, a number of deer and other animals went down with colic and chills through eating frosted grass.

Improvisation and cunning are as important as drugs and dressings in Senior's job. "I am often hard put to find a way of treating an animal. What do you do for a bison with an ulcerated eye, for example? You can't just walk up to it and apply a lotion. I had to manoeuvre into position by the railings round its paddock and attract it with oats and cattle cake. When it was close enough, I sprayed some lotion into its eye from a hypodermic syringe. I soon learned to be a dead shot with a syringe."

Another bison was so weak with pneumonia that it could not get up on its hind legs, but its horns were still dangerous. As Senior had to give injections under its shoulder, he first had to make it safe to work near the animal's head. Senior got a keeper to extend a pole with a looped rope over the horns and tie the rope to a post. Then he climbed into the paddock and went to work.

As the treatment continued and the bison grew stronger, injections became more difficult. Senior had to be quick and nimble to save himself from being gored or crushed. "Fortunately," he says, "the keepers know their animals well and give me the greatest assistance. I could not possibly do my job without them."

Senior recalls one occasion when he was crushed against the bars of a cage while dressing the injured tusk of a rhino.

"The keeper who was assisting me pulled the animal's head away and gave me a chance to jump clear. His prompt action undoubtedly saved my life." THE END

RUNNING IN (3)

I join a team of world beaters

by CHRIS CHATAWAY

This great partnership led to the four-minute mile and a gold medal. For me it promised: "You can set a world record"

After the first four-minute mile: Brasher, Bannister and Chataway with their coach, Franz Stampfl. Stampfl, now in Australia, is still coaching runners in Britain—on tape recordings

IN the early spring of 1953 I went on a tour of Morocco with Roger Bannister and Walter Hesketh, the Northern six miles champion. This life story nearly ended there.

In Casablanca we met an R.A.F. officer. "Come for a swim," he said. "Glorious bathing. I know a wonderful place."

He drove us to a beach twenty miles out of the town. The sun was shining. The water was warm, and we plunged in.

After a while I found myself alone, thirty or forty yards out. I had become tired of swimming around and headed for the shore. I tested with my foot to see whether I was yet in water shallow enough to stand. I was not. I realized that, in fact, I was no nearer to the shore. For the first time I became aware of a strong undercurrent against me.

For ten long minutes I struggled with every muscle in my body. When I eventually got a foot down I found that the sand was shifting under me. I thought of shouting out, but it was a noisy sea, and none of the others would be likely to hear. At the end of another ten minutes I had gained a few yards. Only by plunging my feet deeply and quickly into the moving sand was I able slowly to work my way in.

Once on the beach again, all seemed warm, reassuring and peaceful. I wondered whether I had panicked unnecessarily, and said nothing.

It was Walter Hesketh, a tough, outspoken Lancastrian, who admitted: "For a moment I thought I'd had it."

Bannister then said that for a while he had been in trouble, too.

Afterwards, we discovered that it was one of the most dangerous beaches in the area and that two Arabs had been drowned while bathing at that spot only a few days before.

Nevertheless, the tour as a whole was a lighthearted one which I enjoyed enormously. The competition was not too serious. There was much in Morocco that I wanted to see. We stayed in Casablanca, Rabat and Fez.

Walter Hesketh's job at that time was as a juggler and conjurer. He seemed anxious not to go short of practice. He juggled at all hours of the day with anything that was to hand. The Moroccans loved it. After official dinners they always called for him to perform with oranges, bottles or plates.

He was never perturbed when a bottle or a plate came crashing to the ground. He just turned to us and said in a Lancashire accent that no Frenchman or Moroccan had a chance of understanding: "They think it's easy unless you break one or two."

I was now in my last two terms at Oxford, and more urgent matters were looming. I had to find a job. My final examinations were suddenly only a couple of months away.

There had been the Olympic Games, the demands of international athletics, the work in being secretary and then president of the University Athletics Club.

I should have liked to have got a job as a journalist. My long-standing ambition had been to become a parliamentary lobby correspondent. No opportunity occurred, however. It seemed that in order to stand a chance of getting into Fleet Street I would have to work for some years on a small provincial newspaper. For family reasons I had to earn a certain amount of money. I turned my attentions to business.

I went to Imperial Chemical Industries. In an efficient office I was interviewed by a brisk young executive. First I had my photograph taken.

"It helps me," said the executive, "to remember anyone among the hundreds of applicants I see."

It seemed that I could be offered a job. But I.C.I., I thought, was such a huge concern. One might remain for years as a tiny cog in the machine and, even if one was an efficient cog, never come to the attention of those in authority. Even relatively minor decisions and responsibilities would always, I thought then, be taken by people very far removed from me, by people whom perhaps I should never see.

I inquired at oil companies. A job there seemed to mean working for years abroad. I enjoyed travelling, but the more I had seen of the world, the more sure I was that the place I wanted to live in was England and, if possible, London.

I went to see people in the City but I was more attracted by the idea of administration, of dealing with people and with things, than juggling with figures.

Chataway beats Russia's Kuts in London —and cuts five seconds off the world record time for the five thousand metres

FINALLY, a job with Arthur Guinness, Son and Company, the brewers, offered itself. The position was that of trainee executive, and it seemed that it might in a fairly short time lead to a responsible administrative job. I was very pleased when, after a series of interviews, I was eventually accepted on condition that my degree was either first or second class.

"You'll get a first or a second as long as you keep reasonably sane," my tutor at Oxford assured me, but I was none too sure. Cooped up in my room, I looked around at the books I had meant to read but never had. I glanced at past examination papers and found some in which I could not answer a single question.

I am never surprised that the suicide rates

With Brasher as his best man, Bannister married in 1955. He now has a daughter

Walter Hesketh became a juggler because it left him time for athletic training

Chataway went on manoeuvres in 1954 with the Territorial Army

at Oxford and Cambridge are some of the highest in the country. I never felt the strain as some did, because early on in my university career I had set my sights on a modest "safe second." But many an undergraduate felt as the final examination drew near that his brain was about to be classified for ever. There was the feeling that for the rest of his life people were going to say: "Only a third-class degree, you know," or "Very brilliant. Got a first."

What we did not realize at the time was that these classifications do not mean everything in the outside world.

During the period of solitary study for my final examinations I made a useful discovery. A friend had left some cigarettes in my room. In a moment of boredom and frustration I lit one. I had never previously inhaled a cigarette at all, and cautiously I drew the smoke into my lungs. The effect was not, as I had expected, a fit of coughing and spluttering, but an immediate sense of relaxation and well-being. I found that to sit still and concentrate on my work was now much less of an effort.

Since then there have been probably fewer than a dozen days on which I have not smoked a few cigarettes. Surprisingly, I found that up to ten a day made virtually no difference to my running. It was another story, though, once my consumption was between twenty and thirty. Then I was definitely short of breath. In the summer of 1954, when I was again taking athletics seriously, it was hard to limit my smoking to a harmless quantity.

On a day in the middle of June I walked out into Oxford High Street with examinations behind me for ever. Primed with benzedrine, I had stayed up the whole of the previous night working feverishly for the last paper. But now, even with the benzedrine wearing off, I felt too light-hearted to be tired.

I was fairly sure that I had done as well in the examinations as I could possibly have hoped. I was glad, at twenty-two, to have finished finally with studying. In addition, I was leaving for America that day as the captain of a joint Oxford and Cambridge athletics team, which was to compete in Philadelphia against the Universities of Cornell and Yale, and against the army.

The team had left by ship a few days before. I was to follow them by air.

I stood for a moment outside "Schools"—the examination building. It was a clear, sunny day. Undergraduates in gowns and mortarboards were standing around, chatting idly. Some were going to champagne parties to celebrate the end of examinations. Much as I had felt that I wanted to get out of Oxford and do a job at last, I was sorry at that moment to be leaving.

I threw what I could lay my hands on into a suitcase and caught a train. When I got to London Airport my name had already been withdrawn from the passenger list and the aircraft was due to leave in five minutes. They hurried me through the Customs and a few moments later I watched London slipping away beneath me.

It was the first time that I had crossed the Atlantic. After ten days of unprecedented mental activity and concentration, I could not sleep. I read two novels in quick succession.

A couple of American students were at La Guardia Airport, New York, to meet me, and soon we were on a fast, clean train to Philadelphia. I realized for the first time that a train *could* be clean.

University track and field meets are not popular in the States. There was only a handful of people in the vast Franklin Fields Stadium at Philadelphia. It was pouring with rain.

I lay down in the dressing-room, nervous and a little worried. I was due to run in the mile and the two miles. For two weeks I had done no training and had virtually gone without sleep.

Kind, elderly gentlemen came in and out to shake our hands and tell us that they had been at Oxford in 1901. One, evidently an Englishman, was very full of interesting questions.

"Do you think you will win?" he asked. "Are your boys in good form? And what are the conditions like? A little soggy perhaps?"

"Well," I muttered, "we shall just have to wait and see. The team is quite strong, but they have had a week's good living in the Queen Elizabeth, and heaven knows what that will have done to them!"

He was very kind and stood over me patiently as I lay there, trying to summon up my slender reserves of remaining nervous energy. I was, I am afraid, rather curt and ill-mannered.

"You might," somebody said when he left, "have been a little more polite. That was Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador."

American students do not excel at the longer distances, and I won both my races by narrow margins, although as a team we were beaten.

I stayed on in the States and in Canada for six weeks. With an Oxford friend, Christopher Higham, I hired a cabin in the Laurentian Mountains, north of Montreal, for ten days. We wandered through the forests, swam in the lakes, canoed and argued over each other's cooking.

I took a cheap Greyhound Bus and travelled overnight to New York. I stayed a few days in a Y.M.C.A. and went to the top of the Empire State Building and to Radio City, doing the things an Englishman should in New York.

I liked America and Americans enormously and was lastingly impressed by the opportunity that the individual has to get on, by the directness and drive of young Americans, by the freedom and energy that a sensible, humane private enterprise system encourages.

I was surprised by the lack of snobbery. I realized how much the British still split themselves up by accents, tradition and education into little classes, each socially superior to the one below. A millionaire, the managing director of a printing firm, took me round his works. A man at a bench said to him: "Hi, Harry," as he passed, and it did not sound impertinent or forced. It was just friendly, and there was respect, too—not necessarily for the boss's position, but for his ability, for what he was.

"How are the kids, Joe? Is your wife better?" asked the millionaire. And there was none of the condescending, inspecting-officer attitude that the British employer achieves so often. He just wanted to know.

I was also impressed by the Americans' friendliness and hospitality. I had a godfather in Baltimore, whom I had never seen. I sent him a cable, saying I would like to come and stay for a few days. I arrived on a Tuesday. When I got there he met the train.

"We had a party for you last night," he told me. "Your cable said you were coming on Monday. But it's all right. We have laid on the same party again tonight. We were looking forward to one a night to the end of the week if you hadn't come."

There was a humiliating episode in Baltimore. I was, of course, touted around a bit as the great Olympic runner. My godfather's wife said: "Why don't you run in a little race they have got up at the park on Saturday—one mile, I think it is? They'd just love to have you run."

It was weeks since I had thought about training, but the organizer assured me that nobody around could do better than four minutes forty seconds for the mile. I agreed to take part, and after a good lunch went to the track, feeling very much the champion of the Big World.

In the race I ran myself to a standstill and finished gasping for breath in four minutes thirteen seconds—two yards behind a young Baltimore boy, who ran half a minute faster than he had ever done before.

Among my godfather's friends in Baltimore I never lived it down. Never again did I take it for granted that it would be easy to beat anybody.

By August I was back in London and found

Continued on page 33

A MAN LIKE Joe

by ROD M

Perhaps he was too late, after all. She would fill a place in his life . . . and then be gone

JOE MEDLEY ran a boat basin on the river and lived in a stubby, blue houseboat called the Dolphin. Moored next to him in the basin was Henry Storeham's Skylark, an old-fashioned boat painted in beige and cream.

The two houseboats had been side by side for nine years, and the two bachelors, Joe and Henry, thought it was a good life. Then one Friday in March Henry took the train over to Hereford for the funeral of his sister. When he came back three days later he brought his niece with him to live.

Joe was varnishing a skiff. He was on the dock and he saw Henry and the girl walking up the towpath with their suitcases. At first he was afraid that Henry had taken a bride, and then, when they came closer, he could see that the girl was young, not more than nineteen or so, and tall.

"We've found a little waif," Henry said. Henry was grey-headed and red-faced and stocky. He set down his suitcase on the dock and his ruddy face creased in a broad smile. "My niece, Joe. What do you think of her? She's come to keep house for me."

Joe nodded. "Hallo, Miss," he murmured.

Joe was big and heavy chested, with long arms and strong, broad hands. He was past thirty, but in front of women he was awkward and painfully shy.

"Come to sweep up her Uncle Henry's ashes, eh, girl?" Henry said. "I'll lend her to you, Joe. Keep the old blue Dolphin spick and span. For a fee." He laughed and slapped the girl on the shoulder, squeezing her to him.

Joe smiled and looked down at his upturned skiff.

"You might tell Mr. Medley my name, Uncle Henry," the girl said.

"There—you see, Joe? The women start running you the minute they get hands on you. Ah, everything's changed for us now, Joe. Everything's changed."

"My name is Eleanor," the girl said, smiling. "If Uncle Henry won't tell you, I will. It's Eleanor Watkins."

"You see, Joe? I'm not my own boss any longer," Henry laughed, twinkling, with his grizzled head next to hers. Joe could see that he liked having the girl.

Later in the day she came across the footbridge and watched while Joe varnished another skiff. "You don't mind, do you, if I watch?" she asked him.

Joe shrugged his big shoulders and smiled apologetically. "I'm just varnishing." He patted the side of the skiff with his big hand. "Getting her ready for another season."

"Do you hire them out?"

"That's right."

She came closer to watch. "It smells nice," she said, smiling. Joe glanced down at his hands and noticed the varnish stains and sat awkwardly.

She said: "I don't bother you, here?"

"No indeed," he said, and looked up, anxious to assure her. Her eyes were grey and, in a soft, tentative way, they were smiling.

"I've never lived on the river like this," she said. "I think I shall like it."

"Maybe you would take a boat out one day?" Joe said. "They're too dry now from the winter."

"You'd have to teach me how. . . . I'd like to learn."

"Of course," he said, nodding. She made him feel more shy than ever.

Eleanor began to come often to the dock. She put on some old clothes and tied up her soft hair, and sanded down and varnished with Joe, getting the skiffs and punts ready for the season.

Henry came over and watched them and laughed. "Next thing, I'll have to advertise for a new housekeeper," Henry said. "Looks as though my niece'd rather tend boats for a living."

Joe was coming out of his timidity and he tried to joke back. "Maybe a girl loses heart," he said, "when a man keeps his pipe tobacco in the tea caddy."

"Never you mind," Henry said. "I know a chap collected a bunch of frogs one season for bait—and if he didn't go and put them in the galley sink! Just stacked his dishes by the side. Took him a week to use up those frogs."

"Was that you, Joe?" Eleanor asked him, laughing.

Joe's face went red, and Henry said: "Yes, sir!" He laughed. "I'm not the only man around here needs a woman's touch."

The two men would sit together in the evening aboard the Skylark over the cribbage board. Henry put the wireless on and he would fill his pipe. Joe would maybe miss a move and Henry would see his eyes on Eleanor as she sat reading or sewing or something.

"Well," Henry said one such evening, "if old Joe has his way, Eleanor, my girl, you'll be doing your sewing with a punt pole. It's a late spring," he added, lighting up, "when a steady bachelor like you, Joe, gets that dreaming look in your eye."

"Uncle Henry, you let Joe alone," Eleanor retorted, blushing.

"I'd just hate to lose my old cribbage partner, that's all," Henry said, and he struck another match and laughed his hearty rumbling laugh. . . .

Eleanor started to change things, as Henry said she would. She made a set of curtains for the Skylark and, when she put them up, Henry called Joe in to show them off. All the windows, right around the little cabin, and the galley, and the tiny room with the cot up under the bows, where Eleanor slept, were the bright flowered curtains.

"There, what do you think of that?" Henry said proudly.

"Nice. Very nice," Joe said. "They do brighten her up."

Henry was about to speak, but Eleanor said quickly: "I'll make you some for the Dolphin, too, Joe. If you want them."

Joe looked at her and saw the soft, open look in her eyes. He couldn't find any words to reply. Henry laughed. "For a fee, Joe. Somebody has to keep a business head around here."

ELEANOR saw Joe working the next morning, and called to him: "Do you mind if I go aboard? To measure the windows for the curtains."

Joe looked up from his bench at the open end of his shed. "It's not very straight. . . ." He started towards her, wiping his hands on his trousers.

"Never you mind. That's not going to bother me," she said. "It's all right."

He stopped and lifted his hands, and she went aboard. Turning back to his workbench, Joe felt troubled that she would see how untidy the boat was.

Joe went aboard at noon to get his lunch. He found the cabin dusted and swept, and everything put in order. An uneasy, restless feeling rose up in him and wouldn't leave him.

Eleanor started to come across every morning to tidy up the Dolphin, and, when she went

Continued on page 26

McMANIGAL

"I don't bother you?" Eleanor asked. Joe looked up, anxious to assure her. Her eyes were smiling in a soft, tentative way. He felt more shy than ever

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

At the New Cheshire Salt Works, Northwich, salt drops from a conveyor belt. The salt bed was formed many millions of years ago

YOUR LIFE IN A CRYSTAL

by KEITH ELLIS

Salt is the world's cheapest and most abundant mineral. It is also the most valuable—for without it all men would die

WHILE the world's politicians worry about their supplies of coal, oil and uranium, they can safely take for granted a raw material which is far more important than any of these. Without it, all men would die. Without it, a great part of modern industry would be unable to function. Unlike coal, oil and uranium, it is abundant either under or around almost every country on earth. Its name is sodium chloride, NaCl—or common salt.

A harmless mineral compounded of two deadly poisons—sodium and chlorine—salt is literally vital to human life. Anyone who cuts it completely out of his diet will fall ill and eventually die. Unless human beings replace the abnormal amount of salt lost in perspiration in hot weather, they cannot keep healthy. That is why Servicemen stationed in hot countries take salt tablets with their meals.

Industrially, salt is vital to soaps, dyes, refrigeration, fish-curing, water-refining, tanning, metallurgy and agriculture. It is one of the four basic raw materials of the chemical industry—the others are air, coal and water—and when broken down it forms part of many thousands of different substances.

Nearly every kind of food, nearly every manufactured article, and nearly every item of clothing, from a bowler hat to a shoe-sole, is made partly from salt, or needs salt at some stage of its development.

Fortunately, the world has an abundance of salt. Apart from immeasurable deposits under every continent, the sea has been calculated to contain 4,500,000 cubic miles of salt weighing 35,100,000,000,000,000 tons, enough to cover the whole of England to a depth of ninety miles.

Every year, the world uses about 35,000,000 tons of salt. The British industry, dominated by a few giants like I.C.I., Palmer Mann and Cerebos, produces more than a million tons a year. The chemical industry uses about three times as much again in the form of brine.

Most salt is made directly from brine. The oldest method, in use more than 4,000 years ago in China and still widely favoured in hot countries, is simply to run sea-water into tanks and let it dry out in the sun.

The large crystals formed by the slow rate of evaporation are particularly suitable for curing fish, and for this reason Britain still imports a small amount of solar salt from Spain and Italy.

All British native salt comes from under the earth. Vast salt beds, at least a hundred feet thick and only a few hundred feet below the surface, lie beneath most of Cheshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire. Other beds underlie parts of Durham and North Yorkshire.

Today there is only one mine in Britain where salt is dug—at Winsford, Cheshire. The crushed salt, coloured by the clay mixed with it, is used mainly for snow-clearing.

Almost all British salt is brought to the surface in the form of brine—either natural brine or brine formed by pumping water into the salt strata and pumping it up again when it has become saturated with salt.

Some of it is still evaporated by the ancient Roman method in large, open, shallow tanks heated from underneath. But increased fuel and labour costs have forced most manufacturers to adopt the vacuum method, whereby the brine is evaporated in a series of closed tanks in which the air pressure is lowered to reduce the boiling-point. The first tank is heated from a steam generator, and each succeeding tank is heated by the steam given off by the brine boiling in the previous one. The salt, of a very high purity, is extracted from the bottom of each tank.

Every year, Britons buy 120,000 tons of salt for home use. They eat another 30,000 tons in bacon, ham and sausages, and 44,000 tons more in bread and biscuits. Their butter, margarine and cheese account for another 10,000 tons and cured fish for a further 30,000 tons.

Water softeners use 100,000 tons of salt a year. Industrial uses, like damping explosives in coal mines, pipe-glazing and soap manufacture, take 160,000 tons. But the chemical industry needs much more—160,000 tons of solid salt and something like 3,000,000 tons of salt in the form of brine.

Broken down by various processes, salt releases its two elements—sodium and chlorine. From sodium comes washing-soda, bicarbonate of soda and soda ash, which is used in glass-making. Another compound, caustic soda, is vital to the rubber, pharmaceutical, explosive, soap and paper industries. It is used for cleaning fur, felt and feathers, for strengthening cotton and purifying leather and wool. It is a major constituent of rayon and, combined with coal tar, forms a plastic used widely for buttons.

Chlorine is even more versatile. Its derivatives are used for bleaching, degreasing metals, dry-cleaning, extracting edible oils and treating drinking water. It is needed in the manufacture of deodorants, paint removers, anaesthetics, insecticides, weed-killers, dyestuffs, anti-freeze and hundreds of other substances.

Salt has played a significant part in every period of human history. Roman soldiers were paid a sum of money to buy salt. Hence the word salary. From the earliest days it has been a necessary part of many sacrificial meals. In Africa, Abyssinia and Tibet, cakes of salt have been used as currency.

Thus, modern science has proved what mankind has always known instinctively: that salt, the cheapest and most abundant of all minerals, is also the most valuable. THE END

They'll never miss me

by N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

The girls were talking . . . even joking! Was nobody going to keep the place in order when he had gone?

As the lift doors slid to behind him, he began to walk along the long corridor. "Good morning, Miss Wood," he said in his usual stiff fashion, "Good morning, Mr. Jones."

"Good morning, Mr. White," they replied. He walked through the reception office, across the general office, and paused for a moment to examine the brass name plate on his office door which said: JOHN WHITE: CHIEF CLERK. It shone satisfactorily, and he pushed open the door, hung up his black coat and hat, placed his rolled umbrella in the stand, and sat down at his desk.

It was just like any other morning.

His desk was always tidy, but this morning it was positively bare. No stack of neatly opened letters awaited his attention. There were no folders in the in-tray. The telephone was silent.

Outside his door the tempo of the office began to quicken. He heard the tap of high heels going to and fro, the squeak of filing cabinets, the clatter of typewriters, and, intermittently, an unusual sound that made him raise his head high. He listened, frowning, to the gurgle of typists' chatter, with occasional bubbles of laughter. He half rose, hesitated, and then sat down again. After all, it was hardly his affair any more. Perhaps, though, he should have a friendly word with Tyler about it.

He was faintly amused, and gratified, to notice how the noise died away as he opened his door. A line of curly heads bent industriously over their typewriters. The only person in the room that looked at him was young Malcolm Britton, over on the clerks' desk: Britton smiled cheerily and John nodded. He knew he would miss young Britton.

Tyler was deep in a mass of papers, his jacket slung over a chair, his shirt sleeves rolled up. John eyed the disorder with some distaste. Yet, to be fair, Tyler was a clever and successful young man. *Times change,* John told himself, *times change.*

Tyler looked up and grinned. "'Morning, White. Trying to find something to do?"

John fought down his irritation. "In a way, I suppose," he said. "But I wanted to talk to you."

"Fire away." Tyler leaned over and fumbled in his jacket pocket. "Cigarette? Oh, I forgot."

"I'll stick to my pipe." John carefully lit it, tamping down the tobacco and using a fresh match each time. Tyler watched the growing heap of matches with amusement. He said: "Why don't you buy yourself a lighter?"

"I've been meaning to for a long time." His pipe was going well now. He said: "I just wondered if there was anything else we ought to go over."

Tyler shook his head. "I don't think so. It's all in apple-pie order, as I knew it would be."

John caught a glimpse of his watch. Nine twenty. He thought of his silent telephone and his empty desk. Five thirty seemed a terribly

Half-way across the busy general office, John stopped, frowning. Perhaps it was true—that he was really feared by them, and not liked

long way off. He said with quiet desperation: "Perhaps there's something you'd like me to check?"

"It might be as well," Tyler said gravely, "if you would balance the master guard book, and give a final check to the office cash."

John had the impression that Tyler was simply giving him something to amuse himself with, but he nodded gratefully and said: "I'll do that."

Tyler said: "Was there anything else?"

"Yes. You know, I expect, that I've always believed in firm office discipline. Just now, several of the girls were talking, joking. . . ."

Tyler said: "You wouldn't let them talk?"

"When a girl is talking she can't be getting on with her work," John said.

Tyler didn't answer. Instead he said, seemingly irrelevantly: "Sixty seems rather young for retiring age. With my previous firm, it was sixty-five." He said, reverting: "Quite apart from the difficulty these days in getting female staff, I feel that a—what shall we say—friendly atmosphere is best."

John said: "I can't, of course, dictate my views to you. It's just that I've done this job for a long time."

"Twenty-four years, isn't it? I've only been here a few months, but I know you're respected, and efficient. Did you know"—Tyler waved his hand towards the general office—"that you're almost feared? Well, I can't work that way."

John suddenly felt tired. He stood up and said: "It's your affair now."

He made his way back through the busy general office. Half-way across it he stopped, frowning. He heard Tyler's words again: *Did you know that you're almost feared?* Feared—not liked. They would be glad to see him go.

He returned to his bare office and started to look through his desk drawers again, but all his personal possessions were already at home. His conversation with Tyler rankled in his mind. Did it mean that they would be glad to see him go? All of them?

He sat looking at the door, willing it to open and reveal some face which would say: "We shall miss you, Mr. White."

Nothing happened. But it was early. There were several hours yet.

It was odd how much it worried him. He had never made any effort to court any sort of familiarity, preferring to enforce a rigid and distant coolness; not quite always, perhaps, but certainly since Edward died.

He sighed. Perhaps he should have made more of an effort.

He desperately wanted the door to open. It did, but it was only Baxter. John swallowed his disappointment and said: "Good morning, sir," rising from his chair.

Baxter seemed uneasy in his presence, as he usually did. John had been chief clerk when Baxter was a youth learning his father's business.

John said: "Is there something I can do?"

"I've just had a cable. Clowser is flying over from the Continent. I've got to meet him. I'm terribly sorry, but that means we shall have to cancel our luncheon together."

John nodded. It was a valid reason, and he didn't mind. But he guessed that Baxter was pleased.

He remembered the day, shortly after Baxter had started in the business, when he caught that young man hurrying along the corridor.

He had said: "Where are you off to, Mr. William?"

William Baxter blushed, and brought a tennis racket from behind his back. "It's a tournament," he pleaded. "And it's nearly five o'clock, anyway."

"That's not good enough, Mr. William. Unless," John added, "you would like me to ask your father's permission for you to go early."

"No, thanks," William Baxter said uneasily. "I wouldn't like you to bother him."

Lord, that was a long time ago. Before Edward died. Later, old man Baxter had retired and the boy with the tennis racket became his managing director. But William Baxter never quite seemed to forget that afternoon's embarrassment. . . .

John said now: "That's all right, Mr. Baxter. I quite understand."

"There is another thing, though." Baxter pushed his hands in his trouser pockets, and perched on the edge of the desk. "What do you think of young Malcolm Britton?"

John thought carefully, weighing his words. He said: "Honest, trustworthy and completely reliable. Young as he is, I've given him charge of the office cash for some months now, and it's never been a penny out." That was fair, he thought. Much as he liked the boy, it wasn't prejudice to say that. It was true.

Baxter nodded. "You see more of him than anyone. What about his personality?"

"Always cheerful and willing. Good manners and intelligent with it."

"Yes, that was the way he struck me. How old is he?"

"Seventeen, nearly eighteen."

"It's early days yet, then. But I've got my eye on him for eventual executive training."

"I'm sure he would justify your faith in him," John said honestly.

"I hoped you'd say that." Baxter slid off the desk. "Well, I'll be back later this afternoon. I'll see you again before you go."

He nodded and left. John sat in a warm glow of pleasure. Hearing about young Britton was almost like watching his own son forging ahead.

If Edward had lived, he would have been a mature man of thirty-six by now, but John really couldn't imagine it. For him Edward would always be a laughing, eager boy of sixteen.

When Malcolm Britton first came into the office, the shock had been almost like a physical blow. It was not merely the resemblance that had affected him. It was Malcolm's manner as well.

Then one day, after John had gone home early from the office, Malcolm was sent to his home with a message. Sheila gave the boy a cup of tea and a cake, and his eye lighted on the magnificent radiogram which was John's only extravagance. John let him play some Tchaikovsky and Grieg. The boy sat quite still, his face alive with delight, while John gazed in wonderment. Sheila saw it, too, and when Malcolm had gone, she said: "How like Edward he is!"

Afterwards Malcolm came round several times by invitation. He was an only son, and most of his meagre salary went towards supporting his mother. If he were soon selected for executive training it would make a big difference for them.

John thought how pleased Sheila would be to hear about Malcolm now, and he lifted the telephone to tell her. Then he had a better idea. When she answered, he said: "Mr. Baxter has been called away, so I shan't be having lunch with him today."

"Oh, what a pity, dear!"

"Not really. If you could come into the city I thought we might have lunch together."

"That would be lovely."

"We could go to the Candelabra."

"Isn't that very expensive?" Sheila asked cautiously.

John laughed. "I shall only retire once in a lifetime. At one o'clock, then?"

He put down the telephone. The last day, he thought, was improving as it went along.

There was a quiet knock on the door, and Malcolm Britton's head appeared. "May I come in?"

"Of course."

"I was going to come and see you this afternoon, but I've got to go out, and I don't know when I shall be back," Malcolm said, showing him a sheaf of folders.

"Never mind. I'm pleased to see you, anyway."

"I'm supposed to be at Handley's at eleven thirty."

John looked at his watch. "You'd better get off now, then."

"I know." Malcolm put his folders on the desk and produced a little packet, and put it on John's blotter. "It's just something for you."

"Malcolm, you shouldn't. . . ."

"It'll seem funny without you here, Mr. White," Malcolm mumbled, backing towards the door. "I shall miss you," he added, and fled.

John handled the package, turning it over and over before opening it. Inside was a box. He took the lid off.

It was a lighter, heavy, in good taste, engraved with delicate designs. John tried it. It was one of the new gas lighters. He put it down, and blew his nose. He was utterly overwhelmed. He had seen these things in the shops. What did they cost? Three pounds? That was a lot of money for a boy in Malcolm's position. He must have saved up. . . .

LATER he stirred himself and looked at his watch. It was only twelve o'clock—still an hour to go before lunch. Really he was content to sit, but there were those jobs that Tyler had mentioned. He decided to check the office cash right away, and the master guard book after lunch.

Using his master key, he unlocked Malcolm Britton's desk, picked up the cash and the books, and took them back to his office. He spread out the cash, counted it, noted the total, and reconciled it with the cash book.

Frowning, he recounted the cash and checked his totals.

The office cash was £3 short. . . .

When they met, Sheila knew immediately that there was something wrong. He said: "Later, my dear. Let's eat first." He ploughed his way through the courses. They might as well have been sawdust.

At last Sheila said: "It might be easier if you shared it, John."

He looked at her, thinking how lucky he was to have had her for—what was it?—nearly forty years.

He took her hand between his. "I'm sorry. I've been thinking."

"It doesn't seem to have done much good," she said, looking at his face.

He leaned back and took out his pipe. In his pocket, he felt the smooth shape of the new lighter. He allowed it to drop, and took out his matches.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "about Edward."

Sheila watched him, waiting.

"Suppose," he said carefully, "things had turned out differently. Suppose that later, not much later, he had been concerned in some money trouble."

"How do you mean?"

"Imagine that he'd left school and started work, and we found that he'd been taking money from the petty cash."

"He wouldn't," Sheila said.

John sighed. "Probably not. But what would we have done?"

Sheila said abruptly: "It's Malcolm Britton, isn't it?"

"No," said John, not wishing to upset her. "You don't know the boy."

"Then why are you so concerned?"

"I'm afraid that I may have to do something about it."

"He just took money? What for?"

"I can only guess, of course, but

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 22

by Commander Douglas Duff

A nose for fish saved a woman balloonist

"THE sea shall not have them" is the proud maxim of the skilled and gallant men who handle the search aircraft, helicopters, high-speed launches and other equipment used in modern air-sea rescue work. Few happenings make more dramatic news than the rescue of air crews forced down at sea, and few seem more up to date. Yet it is the best part of a hundred years since the first rescue of the crew of a ditched aircraft.

It happened early in the morning of September 1, 1874, and it might not have happened at all had not skipper William Oxley's nose for fish caused him to sniff contemptuously the previous night at the fishing grounds where the other smacks were working, and sail his vessel Grand Charge several miles to the south-west.

His nose was trustworthy. It found a fine shoal which almost filled the hold and at daybreak the Grand Charge lay hove-to into the freshening wind on the shallows of the Dogger.

Her crew was delightedly gutting and salting the record catch when the mate, James Baskcombe, sighted a big balloon dropping towards the sea. They saw it strike the water, bounce, fall on its side and then drift swiftly away, with the wind hustling it along, towing the half-submerged basket astern.

By then, the Grand Charge was around, listing bravely, every square inch of her canvas drawing full as she chased the big ball and the two people clinging to the trailing basket, half drowned in the white smother of its wash.

Oxley kept station on the scurrying balloon while Baskcombe and one hand took a dinghy across to pick up the two aviators. When the dinghy reached the basket, Baskcombe was amazed to find that one of the aviators was a woman.

The balloon had been manned by Jules Duruof and his wife, who had been blown out to sea while giving a demonstration over Calais. Duruof was a French national hero who, a few years before, had flown a balloon out of Paris during the siege by the Prussians, and when fired on by the Prussian guns became the first pilot to face an anti-aircraft barrage.

When news of his rescue reached France, a public subscription was raised and £50 was presented to Oxley and Baskcombe, together with gold medals specially struck for them by the French Government.

HATE—1

Hatred is blind as well as love.

Thomas Fuller

Hold it up to the light–

not a stain–and shining white!

Surf

THERE'S NOT EVEN A SHADOW OF A STAIN on that sheet or that tablecloth. Surf has seen to that. It's really remarkable, this Surf! Just a quick boil and stains are gone. Tea, gravy, fruit juice, egg marks — Surf shifts the lot. Surf gives a brilliant, special whiteness, too!

THAT TABLECLOTH AND SHEET ARE *SHINING* WHITE! Get your whites looking like this. Just boil them in Surf. Then hold them up to the light. You'll be delighted. There won't be a stain — and they'll be shining white! You'll be convinced — there's no whiteness like Surf whiteness!

See!

There's no whiteness like **Surf** whiteness!

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A *LEVER* PRODUCT

this is what may have happened." John tilted back his chair, and stared at the decorated ceiling. "He wanted to buy a present for someone he was fond of, but he hadn't enough money. His month's salary was almost due. He'd have enough then, so he decided to borrow the money from the petty cash, buy the present, and replace the money from his salary."

Sheila was silent for a while, and then she burst out: "I don't see why you should have to worry about it. You won't be there after today."

"I'm the only one who knows."

"I think you simply ought to forget about it."

"If I do that, they'll promote someone who, once anyway, has been unreliable."

"Then tell Mr. Baxter, John—but for heaven's sake don't try and carry the weight on your shoulders."

John raised his worried eyes. "If I tell Baxter I shall be ruining this young man's career."

"You're taking it far too much to heart."

"Suppose it was Edward," he urged. "I know it couldn't be, but suppose it was. What would we want to happen to him?"

Sheila pulled on her gloves and picked up her handbag. She was rather pale. "He would have to abide by the rules he had learned," she said, as if with difficulty. "I doubt if, in the long run, he would want anything else."

"I'm sorry, my darling," John said. "I didn't mean to upset you."

"It's all right. But I still don't see why it should have to be your decision. The effects will happen after you've left. It doesn't seem fair."

"If I do nothing, I've made a decision," John pointed out gently. He looked at his watch. "I must get back."

They walked a little way towards the office, and he took her arm. "You always did help me to see things clearly," he said. "We'll sort something out. Will you meet me after I finish at the office? We might have tea out."

"Well, I——"

"Please, Sheila."

She never did need speeches to realize his needs. "That would be very nice," she said.

He watched her go, his love for her full and warm inside him. But his smile faded as he turned and walked towards the office. He hadn't really settled anything.

For the better part of the afternoon he sat at his desk, staring at the closed door. Once he took the lighter from his pocket and stared at it for a long time. It meant so much to him, and

yet. . . . He didn't replace it, but left it standing on his desk.

Then he remembered that he had never checked the master guard book. It didn't matter. Tyler had only suggested those jobs from pity for his idleness.

Slowly he rose from his chair, went out of the door, across the general office, down the corridor and knocked on William Baxter's door.

Baxter said: "Oh, I'm glad you came in. When I was talking to Clowser, he asked——"

John said: "Just a moment, sir, if you don't mind." He had the words

HATE—2

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

Byron

straight in his head, and he didn't want to be confused. He went on: "This morning I checked the office cash. . . ."

Baxter was frowning. He said impatiently: "What about it?"

John took a deep breath. "It was three pounds short."

Baxter said: "Yes. I was a bit short of expenses. Young Britton was out and I forgot to put a chit in."

A vast feeling of relief flooded through the whole of John's being, followed by a surge of shame and anger. "Didn't you tell anyone?" he said.

"I expect someone saw me," Baxter said carelessly. "Anyway, it's all right. I've just given young Britton the chit now."

John's neck and face began to turn red. He said: "You had no right to do that. You might have put Britton in an impossible position."

"There are only four key holders," Baxter said equably. "Britton, Tyler, yourself and me. It could easily have been explained as soon as it was brought to my notice. As in fact," he added, "is happening now."

John said angrily: "You never did have a proper sense of responsibility, Mr. William. Your whole attitude to this seems to me flippant and unworthy."

Baxter stood up, went to the window, and stared out. He said over his shoulder: "You're quite right, of course. I'm sorry."

John said, cooling down: "I don't suppose you meant any harm."

Baxter turned round. He was grinning. He said: "Remember that tennis business? You always did make me feel like a naughty boy. I don't know what I shall do without you to keep me in order."

They stared at each other and then, slowly, they both began to laugh.

Baxter said: "I shall miss you, John."

"It will seem strange, not coming to the office."

"That reminds me. Clowser was asking me about that scheme you drafted about three years ago. I said I'd have a word about it with you—" Baxter saw John glance at his watch and added plaintively: "Dammit, you're not listening."

"I retired two minutes ago. And my wife is waiting for me downstairs."

"But what about this business . . . ?"

"If you wish to employ me as a consultant," John said, "that is up to you."

Baxter grinned. "All right," he said, "I take your point. I'll ring you on Monday and arrange an appointment. . . ."

Most of the staff had gone. Only two or three girls were left. John walked over. "I should say goodbye to you," he said awkwardly.

"I expect we'll be seeing you again," said Miss Wood.

"I expect so," John said. Privately he had always thought Miss Wood a cheeky young thing.

"Who'd keep us in order," she said now, pertly, "if you didn't come back now and then?"

John stared, and then smiled. "A firm hand is what you need," he said, relishing his new-found ability to relax. "A firm hand."

He whistled as he went along the corridor. Malcolm Britton and another youth were waiting for the lift.

John said: "I didn't really get the chance to thank——"

"Charlie and I were having an argument," Malcolm said, cutting him short, as if embarrassed. "I said you would, and he said you wouldn't."

"Would what?"

"Let some of the chaps from the youth club hear your radiogram."

"Of course. I should be delighted."

"I warn you," Malcolm said, his eyes twinkling, "they're jazz fans."

"I should like to learn about it."

As he left the building, John thought happily that he would make it up to Sheila for that sombre lunch together. He would take her out to dinner and then on to a theatre. He felt that a real celebration might be in order to complete what perhaps was not, after all, his last day. THE END

Scene of the crime

Continued from page 8

friend ever heard of the law of libel?" inquired Colonel Pennon.

"That's okay, his paper's insured for it," said Jamesy easily; and added "sir" of his own accord.

"You would be doing a monstrous and cruel thing," said Colonel Pennon.

"Do I want to?" countered Jamesy piously. "All *I* want's a bit of cash—not having a decent job. You get me a decent job—I dare say there's time still for the Artillery billet—and not a word passes my lips."

How did he know the conversation was going to turn nasty? The old boy still sat unmoving, still motionless as a graven image; yet it was at this point that Jamesy glanced across his shoulder at the doorstop, and kept it in mind.

"But this is an attempt at blackmail," said Colonel Pennon at last, and incredulously.

"Which harsh word is yours, not mine," rebuked Jamesy. "While speaking harsh words, however, I'd say fiddling the sports fund comes under robbing your comrades no less than what I been said to ha' done."

To his immense surprise, the old image slowly nodded.

"I am therefore not open to blackmail," said Colonel Pennon. "As a man sows, so he must reap. But this I'll tell *you*, Roberts: setting your letter aside was the fairest thing I could do for you. I said nothing at the Artillery, where you might have been minded to apply on your own book. I gave you your chance to make good. Now I shall consider it my duty to warn the committee of every Service club in the country not to take you into their employ. Get out, you little rat," said Colonel Pennon.

It was then that Jamesy, as much stung in vanity as disappointed in hope, turned and scooped up the doorstop. His only intent, at that moment, was to alarm.

"Ain't we holy? Above all and beyond all!" cried Jamesy, rather wildly. "You get me a billet, or I'll crown you."

The colonel never moved; merely raised an authoritative eye.

"Put that thing down, you fool," said Colonel Pennon, in a calm, orderly-room voice.

But Jamesy didn't. Or rather, he swung it down; and when he saw what damage it had done to Colonel Pennon's headpiece, swung it again and again. The second blow was a matter of panic, but each that followed produced a wonderful sensation of physical pleasure—both the swing and the moment of impact; and when at last Jamesy's wrist tired there was no doubt whatever that Colonel Pennon had had it.

It was now necessary for Jamesy to reflect; and he did. The moment of panic was past, he was not yet afraid; his mind worked splendidly.

Fingerprints, he thought at once: thanks to the colonel keeping him on his feet (a bit of a laugh, when you came to think of it), he had touched nothing in the flat whatever, save the shaft of the doorstop.

Jamesy pulled out his handkerchief, cleverly returned it, and picked up instead the square of Indian silk from the chairback. It was a big square, almost a square yard; Jamesy easily wrapped his left hand to hold the shaft steady while he wiped with his right; then with a touch almost of humour dropped the silk neatly back in place.

That'll puzzle 'em, thought Jamesy. *"Where Did Colonel Meet Doom?"*

LOOKING down at himself as well as he could, and in the mirror over the fireplace, he saw only the merest spot or two of blood (he had been striking across the desk) and sensibly decided that they could wait till later; the most conspicuous was on his shirt collar, just where a man might easily bloody himself after a bad shave.

Next thing: had anyone seen him come in?

Jamesy was sure not. Alcock Mansions hadn't a lift, so there was no nosy liftman, and he had encountered nobody either in the entrance hall, or on the stairs, or on the third-floor landing. What a dead-and-alive dump it was. In *such* a dead-and-alive dump the chance of leaving equally unobserved struck Jamesy as a fair risk.

The door communicating with the lobby, now that there wasn't a doorstop, had swung to, but not shut; Jamesy easily shoved it wide with an elbow. Then, producing his handkerchief again and this time using it, he turned the knob of the outer lock and emerged cautiously on to the landing.

No one on the landing. No one on the first flight of stairs. No one on the second.

On the last he met his first piece of bad luck. They were narrow stairs, and the basket-laden woman ascending stopped dead.

"It's either you go up or me go down," she panted. "You go up."

Jamesy kept his head. He nodded obligingly—he was too clever to speak—and retreated to the landing as the woman heaved herself and her burden after him. She was vast, matronly, an obvious doer-for-single-gentlemen; good humoured and grateful for any little favour.

"Thank you very much I'm sure," she gasped.

Jamesy nodded a second time, slipped behind her and regained the stairs. Out of sight round the turn he waited to see where she was going. If she continued up the next flight, and up the flight after that, he might have to follow. She was the sort they gave a key to. . . .

But her heavy old feet shuffled to a

stop almost immediately; she was letting herself in—she *had* a key, all right—at a door on that very floor. . . .

Jamesy ran on down. It was a bit of bad luck, but the only one, and he had confidence in his inconspicuousness; moreover, the landing had been dark and the woman too preoccupied to take a proper look at him.

Undoubtedly he hurried, crossing the hall; but emerged composedly enough into the street, where he walked to the next bus stop but one and was thence carried to within a hundred yards of his inconspicuous lodging. On this last lap he bought a paper of fish and chips, for his supper.

Earthed in his inconspicuous quarters, Jamesy carefully cut out, employing a razor blade, the one blood spot on his shirt collar and the three on his jacket, washed the minute particles of fabric down a drain and charred round the edges of the minute resultant holes with a match. Then he ate his fish and chips and went to bed.

It was only seven o'clock, but for some reason he felt tired. He still didn't feel afraid. He didn't feel afraid at all, until about one in the morning, when he awoke to such thoughts as the small hours notoriously bring.

Even between one and two, however, Jamesy's fears soon passed off. Checking and rechecking the circumstances, and his precautions, he indeed felt himself wonderfully secure. He had a bad moment around one thirty, recalling a certain letter in his proper handwriting, but composed himself almost immediately by the further recollection that it'd gone out with the rubbish. Jamesy might have murdered Colonel Pennon, but it certainly never occurred to him to doubt the colonel's word.

The events of the following days justified his confidence. Naturally, the killing made front-page news—at least in the evening editions and for one day, Colonel Pennon's body being discovered next morning by the woman *he* gave the key to; after that it got pushed back a bit—but so far as Jamesy could make out the police hadn't a clue. There was no piece printed about their wishing to interview in connection. Either the old party on the stairs had kept her mouth shut, thought Jamesy, or else her evidence was too flimsy to take note of; which all added up to the cops not having a clue.

It was very much the case. Nothing in Colonel Pennon's flat had been taken; nothing (except a square of Indian silk and the actual weapon) even disarranged. All the fingerprints discoverable on furniture and doors identified the colonel himself, the cleaning woman aforementioned (sixty and frail) and the latter's little grandson, whom the colonel was teaching to play chess.

To the routine inquiry, had deceased any known enemies, the answer was a universal negative. Two old ladies in Devonshire tearfully proclaimed their nephew on the other hand universally beloved. ("So thoughtful even over trifles, Inspector!" mourned Aunt Sybil. "A little gift regularly, on each of our birthdays!" "Besides the *substantial* help," added Aunt Clare. . . .)

Two days passed, three and four; the investigation was at a standstill. The description offered by Mrs. Block of a man who'd let her by on the stairs was hopelessly vague: Mrs. Block, that stout-hearted doer-for-single-gentlemen, opened her mouth in vain.

The one contact who might have endangered Jamesy, and who would have been perfectly willing to do so, was the journalist interested in army scandal. Their conversation, however, had been far less explicit than Jamesy presented it: no more than an I-could-tell-you-if-I-would on the one side, and the automatic offer of a fiver, goods delivered, on the other. Jamesy had never actually given Sonny Boy's name even; the journalist had no means of identifying Colonel Pennon as the commanding officer involved. When Jamesy didn't reappear at the pub where they'd met, he thought no more of it; and Jamesy was careful to keep away.

In fact, none of Jamesy's usual haunts was seeing much of him. Where he was usually to be found was on the pavement outside Alcock Mansions. . . .

It is a famous old wives' tale that the murderer haunts the scene of his crime. No one had less use for old wives' tales than Jamesy Roberts. This one he'd heard of—as who hadn't?—but certainly didn't apply it, with all its rot about guilty consciences, to himself. The reason he personally went to hang about outside Alcock Mansions was to have a laugh at the cops. Confident in his anonymity, contemptuous of the forces of law and order, it amused him to go and hang about right under their silly noses; wearing actually the same clothes—having no others. Not that the holes showed much. . .

The old party he'd let go up the stairs never spotted him. That was a laugh if you like. True, quite a number of sensation-avid idlers loitered with him; but Mrs. Block, in once a day and out once a day, never spotted Jamesy. He was wonderfully inconspicuous.

After the fourth day there wasn't even a constable in sight outside, nor a newspaperman. Jamesy felt slightly resentful. He still hung about himself, however, because by then that particular strip of pavement had begun to seem quite homelike to him.

He got to know the other inhabitants of the mansions by sight quite well. They were a dowdy lot. One old girl clutching a cello case gave him sixpence to find her a cab, and Jamesy hardly had the heart to take it. But he needed even sixpence.

He was in debt to his landlady, the proceeds of one lucky double on the horses was almost spent, all the clothes off his back were in pawn. He should have been about looking for a job, looking for contacts; but somehow he couldn't tear himself away from Alcock Mansions.

It was a silly thing, but there it was. Or not so silly—since he'd found the ideal free amusement; even with no more cops about.

Every day, Jamesy recognized that, economically speaking, he ought to move on; but he couldn't. He was perfectly safe and somehow the closer he stayed to the scene of what he'd done the more his memories amused him.

THE real laugh, however, the real pay-off, came when Mrs. Block, bless her heart, arrested the window cleaner.

She had some excuse; at least he was unfamiliar to the mansions—also short, slight and nondescript. Mrs. Block, encountering him as he entered, pounced like an overweight leopard.

"Fetch the perlice!" bawled Mrs. Block triumphantly. "Someone fetch the perlice! I've got the ruddy murderer."

To Jamesy's surprise, not one policeman but two materialized as though from the ground—plain clothes, but obvious cops. They closed on Mrs. Block's prey with great competence. Jamesy, his momentary astonishment over, watched with increasing glee.

"I never set foot 'ere before in my life," the man gasped. "I'm a window cleaner, I just came 'oping to leave a few cards, 'oping for a bit of work. Breaking new ground, as you might say."

"Don't you listen—you just ask 'im where 'e was last Wednesday," shouted Mrs. Block officiously. "Last Wednesday at 'alf-past five."

"Give me time, and I'll say," cried the window cleaner. "I may've bin leaving a few more cards round, such is my best recollection, but whether noticed or not, that ain't to say I'm a murderer. Ask any of my pals——"

"Ask Bertha," cried Mrs. Block. "Wasn't she back there in this hall, didn't *she* see 'im, too, as 'e slipped off? Having by a miracle popped in to oblige Number Three? Fetch Bertha Griffin—at this very instant scrubbing out the bar in the King's Head."

Again, Jamesy was surprised. There'd been nothing about any Bertha Griffin in the papers, nor had he noticed anyone at all in the hallway. Of course, he'd been hurried.

"You show me the old besom, and I'll show her where she gets off," cried the window cleaner—now with more confidence. "There can't be two of you so crazy."

Were the police beginning to look silly? In Jamesy's opinion they certainly were. For all the window cleaner's probable lack of an alibi, there was something about him—something even in his flare-up of temper—that suggested, and strongly, innocence rather than guilt. He was furious, but not really afraid. He didn't try to run for it.

In Jamesy's opinion the police would have been glad to pack the whole thing up. But by this time not only was Mrs. Block positively swearing to the window cleaner, but he for his part was loudly demanding to be confronted with the absent Mrs. Griffin.

Jamesy was enchanted. He'd never seen anything funnier than when the whole quartet marched off, presumably towards the nearest police station—the window cleaner now muttering something about damages.

Jamesy naturally followed. The joke was too good to miss.

They did go to the police station; but for a while nothing happened, bar a constable coming out. Then after another while the constable returned, conveying an elderly female with her apron showing under her coat. (Bertha Griffin, no doubt.) Both disappeared within.

Jamesy grinned, and waited. He didn't feel quite so much at home as when hanging about outside Alcock Mansions, but he hung about comfortably enough. Hanging about had become a habit with him.

He was thus the first person upon whom the constable's eye, re-emerging from the building, alighted; and alighted with pleasure.

"Excuse me, sir," said the constable politely, "but we're laying on a small identification parade. I wonder if you'd be ready to help? You being about the right build," he added quickly.

It ought to have been another laugh. It ought to have been a wonderful laugh—marching in to parade beside the infuriated window cleaner; and how should a second silly old woman recognize Jamesy any better than the first? Trotting along beside the constable she hadn't, even though Jamesy stood quite near. . . .

But somehow he couldn't raise even a smile: perhaps because he was wearing the same clothes.

"It so happens that I'm on my way to keep an appointment," objected Jamesy.

The constable ran a sceptical eye over him, but remained polite.

"It won't take long, sir. I'll round up the others in no time. . . ."

"Okay, but suppose she makes a mistake and puts the finger on me?" hedged Jamesy.

"—being inconspicuous types as is wanted. . . . Did you say 'she,' sir?" asked the policeman, becoming suddenly intent.

It was then that Jamesy made his first, and fatal, mistake. (The charred holes in his shirt and jacket felt suddenly like great shouting mouths.) He did run for it. He took to his heels.

But the constable, in far better training, caught up with him easily enough; and Bertha Griffin, once she got a good look at Jamesy, made a far better witness than Mrs. Block; and there was also something else that hadn't got into the papers: the single, perfectly clear fingerprint left on a scrap of looking-glass in an embroidered peacock's tail. THE END

MY BROTHER Bob

WE spent the early years of our childhood on a cattle station in the Australian bush, forty miles from the nearest town. Bob was a mischievous child, and he could be quite ruthless in getting his own way. He particularly wanted a life-sized toy kangaroo which Father said was too expensive.

One day, however, exasperated with the habitual fuss that Bob made about taking medicine, Father picked up a bottle from the kitchen table and forced a spoonful down his son's throat. Then, to his horror, he discovered that the bottle contained sleeping mixture instead of the medicine.

Bob, quite calm in the face of disaster, seized his opportunity and refused to take any remedy unless our frantic parents first promised to buy him his toy. He recovered—and the kangaroo was his.

We both enjoyed riding and outdoor activities, but Bob's favourite treat was to watch the war-painted aborigines doing their native dances. For weeks after watching them, he would prance around the house, his face smothered in grotesque make-up, doing a clumsy, exaggerated imitation of their wild dances.

We moved to Adelaide when Bob was eleven and there he had the chance of going to the theatre. Mother encouraged him to attend every Saturday matinée. Bob loved dressing up and often rushed back after the show, set up a makeshift theatre in the garden, and re-enacted the whole play. Bob soon found a way of turning his acting talents to good use.

Although he had many friends at school, he thought lessons were a complete waste of time and he was always playing truant. When he was fourteen he decided to run away from school and start a career; but, as he had nowhere to go, and only five and sixpence in his pocket, he finished up by spending the money on crystallized pineapple and returned home just two hours after he had made his great decision.

His plan did have some effect however. Father, realizing how serious Bob was about his career, went off to Melbourne without telling anyone why he was going. When he came back, he told Bob that he had arranged for him to train under a famous teacher.

Bob left for Melbourne three days later and, although we did not know it then, he was on his way to fame.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 26

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A man like Joe

Continued from page 19

down the towpath to the little store at the edge of town, she would pick up Joe's provisions, with the things she bought for her uncle and herself. Henry laughed and said it was a scandal. When Joe tried to tell her that she was doing too much, Eleanor said to him: "Well, I like to do it. And you promised to teach me how to row."

"That I will," Joe said. "It's the spring water now. But when the spate is past. . . ."

"It's a promise," she said.

By this time Joe had grown to like Eleanor very much. In fact, he more than liked her. But an obscure feeling that—as Henry had said—it was too late a spring depressed him vaguely and made him anxious. A fear fretted at him, in the back of his mind: some day it really would be too late. Eleanor would have made a place in his life—and then she would be gone.

When she put her curtains up in the Dolphin, he wanted to show her, in some way, that he was grateful. He dragged out the old frame of a woman's bicycle that had been fished from the river, and found some other parts and put them together. He scraped and painted and greased the bicycle and one day it was ready. He went to find Eleanor and led her back to the shed to give it to her.

"I thought you might like to have it, for going down the towpath," he said. "To the store and such."

"For me? Joe—it's lovely."

"It's just an old frame that was in the river. But it will still ride."

"I think it looks smart. Why, you've put the name of our boat on it."

"So it won't get lost or anything."

"You're sweet to me, Joe. . . ." Eleanor said. And she looked across

HATE—3

There are no eyes so sharp as the eyes of hatred.

G. S. Hillard

at him, with a kind of soft question.

Joe felt himself start to burn. "You want to give her a try?" he said.

"Oh, yes." She got on the bicycle. "Come on. Come with me, while I try it out?"

"I've got some things to do," he said, stammering. "I mean, I'd like to, but . . ."

"Come on, Joe. Get your bike. I'll race you to Barnstow Lock." She was away, laughing over her shoulder.

Joe ran for his bicycle, feeling awkward, half like a boy again. He was after her, racing along the towpath with the warm spring air on his cheeks. He overtook her by the first cow-gate. She was breathless and laughing, and collapsed on the bank beside the path.

"Oh, Joe—it's lovely. But you're too fast. I could never beat you."

He stood above her on the path, holding his bicycle. He felt elated and very strong. But he felt the years between them, too, and the years kept him from throwing himself down beside her. Much as he wanted to, he didn't dare. . . .

Eleanor began to ride every day, into the town as well, to go shopping, and sometimes to the pictures. Joe felt her absence. Her world seemed to have grown bigger than his.

Then, one afternoon when she came back from the town, Henry asked Joe over to the Skylark for tea. "What do you think?" he said. "Eleanor's got herself a job."

"In the shoe shop in the High Street," Eleanor said. She was excited and he could see that she hoped he would be pleased. "They want me to begin tomorrow. One of the girls left to get married and they're short."

Joe looked at her dumbly.

"She's going to get five pounds ten a week," Henry said.

"Plus commission," Eleanor said.

Joe was still silent.

"What's the matter, Joe?" Henry said, rumbling into laughter. "The little ones have got to leave the nest."

Joe rubbed his neck with his big hand and managed to smile at her. "Well," he said, "we'll miss you."

Henry laughed. But Eleanor's eyes were large and quiet.

The next morning Joe watched her go. He stood on the after deck of the Dolphin. She called goodbye to him and waved. He waved back. "Good luck," he called.

That week the spring flood began to recede, and Joe kept thinking of the promise to take Eleanor rowing. By the weekend he could ask her to go with him for a row.

He decided he would ask her when she got home. The day passed slowly until at last the sun began finding its way into the trees and shadows lay on the river.

She was late. The shadows grew long. Then Joe saw her, in the low light, riding back along the bank of the river. He stood up in the skiff to wave. Surprised, he saw that she was not alone. Pedalling beside her was a slim young lad with black, shiny hair. Joe sat down slowly in the skiff and heard the water swishing in the bottom of the boat. He started dipping again with the bailing can.

The boy came out after work with her again on Saturday, and they went off together after tea, in the dusk, to the cinema. Henry had Joe over and they played cribbage together in the cabin of the Skylark.

"Like old times," Henry said.

Over Sunday dinner together with Henry and Eleanor in the Skylark, Joe finally spoke, uncertainly, about the boats. "They've taken up good and tight. You can choose, Eleanor, the one you want. For your rowing."

"They're ready? Oh, Joe, that will be fun. When can we go?"

Joe marked the pleasure in her voice. "It looks like being a nice afternoon," he said, hopefully.

He saw Eleanor's face look troubled. Henry sang out, "In the spring, la-de-da. . . ."

"Now, Uncle Henry. Just because you're years older than Joe."

"Ah, but it's not those years that make the difference, is it now, Joe?"

Joe blinked, looking at Eleanor. "What was it?" he asked her. "Was something wrong with this afternoon?"

"No," she said, and smiled. "Dennis is coming out, that's all. We were going to ride up the towpath a way. But I can put him off."

"I wouldn't feel right," Joe said, "if you'd already made plans. . . ."

"Don't think any more about it, Joe. I'm coming with you." She smiled. "It's what I want."

Henry kept silent, looking on with amusement. When the young lad came by on his bicycle, Eleanor went out and sent him away again.

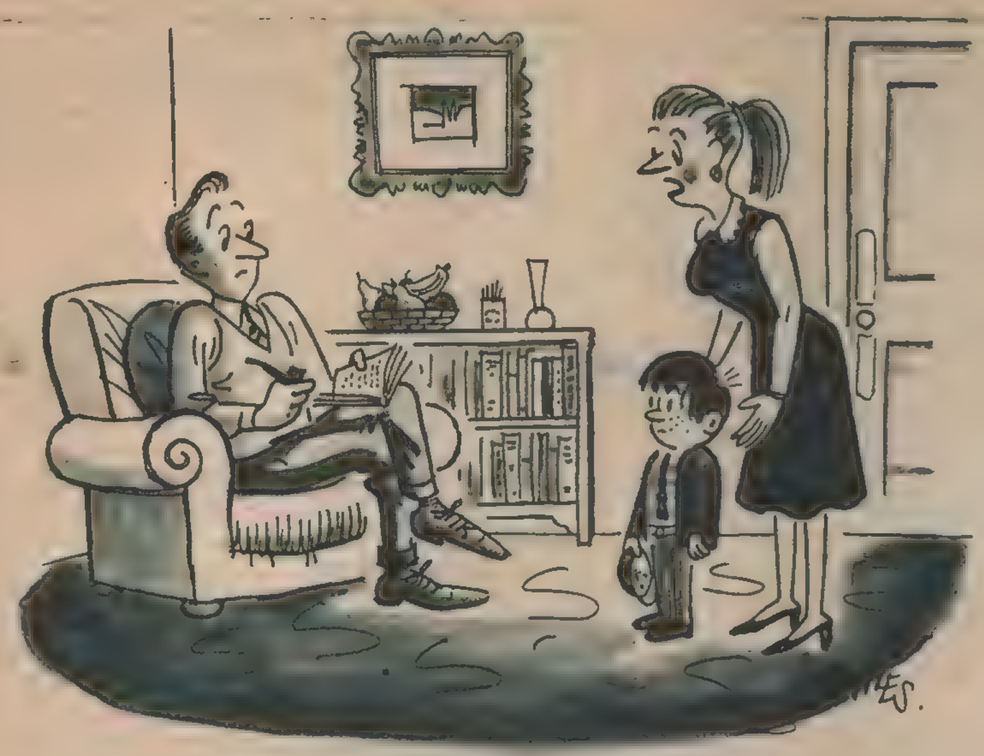
Joe took her out in a skiff, but nothing went right. He didn't *feel* right, because of the boy. Eleanor laughed and seemed to enjoy herself at the oars, but the afternoon didn't go as it should have done. It never felt free.

The young lad began to ride out with Eleanor almost every evening. He was from the shoe shop where she was working. Henry would leave the young folk and come over to the Dolphin. There he and Joe would sit together over magazines or a catalogue or the

MY BROTHER BOB

See page 25

Robert Helpmann, the ballet dancer and actor, is Mr. Max Helpmann's brother



"I don't think he's well. He went out to tea, and they've asked him again"

cribbage board, and Henry would light up his pipe. Joe didn't have a wireless, and he kept hearing the dance music coming from the Skylark.

"He's not a bad lad," Henry said. "He's quick." But Joe didn't like the look of the lad.

If they all took tea together, Joe would look at the thin, wisecracking boy, at his pale face, and try to see something there to put beside Eleanor. But he couldn't see it.

He knew that Eleanor was slipping away, but he felt powerless. And his size, awkward at the table beside the thin young lad, only made him feel more heavy and powerless still.

One day he said: "Do you mean to stay on at the shoe shop, Eleanor?"

They were all sitting together in the Skylark's cabin. "Now what kind of a question is that?" Henry said.

The boy was looking at Eleanor and she looked at Joe.

"Do you like it? I mean for a job?" Joe said.

"I like it all right, Joe," she said. Her brows drew together. "But not permanent. I don't know."

The young lad, Dennis, laughed in his thin, taut voice.

"And you, lad?" Joe said.

"Well, I don't know," Dennis said. "Keeps me off the streets," he said, laughing to Eleanor.

JOE went stubborn and unthinking. He took hold of a wild stray notion, addressing the boy. "You ever thought —about going into business?" He heard the question as though from outside himself and tried to bend it into a fact, blindly. "Say the boat business?" he went on, stubbornly. "Something like that?"

Eleanor looked at him strangely. Her eyes seemed to grow luminous.

"Like this out here?" Dennis said mocking. "This is dead."

"Dennis!" Eleanor said.

"Well, I mean, it's—seasonal."

"You wouldn't want a share?" Joe said. "In a business like this, for instance?" He stopped. "It's fine outdoor work," he said lamely. He couldn't look at Eleanor.

"No." Dennis laughed embarrassedly. "I wouldn't be interested. There's no money in it." He looked towards Eleanor. "Well, I mean. . . ."

"Dennis, let's go outside," Eleanor said.

"What for? Don't you want to hear the programme?"

"Later. Let's just go outside."

She went out. Dennis followed her, shrugging his shoulders uncertainly.

"Well!" Henry said to Joe. "That was a damn silly piece of nonsense. Whatever got into you?"

Joe looked at his empty cup and tried to swish the leaves in the bottom. "I suppose I'm just going weak in the head."

They heard the two voices and then Eleanor called outside. "Joe." She called again. "Joe?"

Henry tapped out his pipe in his hand. Joe went out, feeling dumb. She was standing on the bank alone.

"I sent him off, Joe," she said. "Can we go for a walk or something?"

"If you want," said Joe.

She turned up the towpath away from the town. Joe felt he couldn't look at anything they passed.

"I'm sorry you were hurt, Joe."

"It's all right." He didn't want her to feel bad. "I shouldn't have asked him. It's true. It isn't much of a business."

"I'm glad you asked him, Joe. It isn't that, I didn't know. Not really."

"Oh?"

"It wasn't for Dennis you said that, was it?"

Joe didn't know what to say.

"Was it me you wanted, Joe?" Eleanor asked him softly. "Am I right? You wanted me—that much?"

Joe tried to gather himself. "I wanted—to look out for you."

"May I tell you, Joe? I liked you from the first. On that first day, varnishing the boats. You seemed steady. Peaceful. I liked the river. And you."

"You don't have to say anything like that."

"Will you say it then, Joe?"

He felt her stop beside him. He turned to her. "I——?"

She said: "Please."

Joe felt hot and dizzy. He knew that, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't say it.

"Won't you ask me, Joe?"

She was smiling at him in the softest way. He drew quick pained gulps of air. He couldn't speak. But slowly he did put out his broad hands. She was in his arms and he felt her body glowing.

"I didn't really know," she whispered, "about myself. Until today." She was nestled in his arms. "I hated to see you hurt, Joe. Maybe that's how you can tell—do you think?"

"Maybe it is," he whispered.

His hot, suffocating pulse seemed to be quieting. He could hear the river flowing past the bank, and the young birds in the new willow branches, as though for the first painful time. . . .

Henry bought a picture of a Cupid and hung it on the wall of his cabin. He tuned up his old motor and filled the tank, and after the wedding he got drunk and made a speech full of long words which he pronounced with great care. Then towards evening he cast off.

Joe and Eleanor stood close together on the bank and watched the Skylark chug out into the current. They heard Henry laughing and rumbling across the water above the engine sound until the boat went into the bend of the river out of sight.

Then Eleanor took Joe's hand in hers and together they went aboard the Dolphin. THE END

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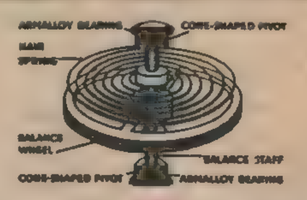

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The unforgiven

Continued from page 12

mouth like a trap. He knotted the stirrup-leather lacing and took his saddle by the fork, to go out.

Rachel was beaten, and she knew it. Nagging would serve no purpose. She asked: "Does Seth ever come here?"

Ben stopped. "Maybe. I don't know. He could have been here a lot of times. Why?"

"Want to see what he looks like."

He said with a startling intensity: "I pray God you'll never see his face. Because if you ever do, there'll be war paint on it."

But Ben was wrong. Seth came the next day, without war paint, and in plain light.

Texans always called him Seth. Even when they tried to say Set-Tayhahna-tay they couldn't get the singsong gobble to it that a Kiowa would understand. He had been no more than a fable when Abe Kelsey first called him Seth, a riddle in an old man's tale. But since then he had become a reality to be dreaded, in his own right.

On the day Seth came, Ben had his crew hauling water to the house, while he rode circle alone to read what news of the night had been written upon the prairie soil. He was back in twenty minutes and had the up-horses moved to the corral nearest the house, where they were covered by its guns. Then he brought Andy and the four cowhands into the house and forted up. They pried the plugs out of one shutter-loophole at each of the two windows facing the Dancing Bird river, and opened two loopholes in the door.

The two cowhands were put at the window loops. The one called Tip was gangly and hatchet-faced, and in this situation was tense enough to ring like the blade of a knife. His eyes darted about the room, and came to rest on the fireplace. "Ain't that chimney pretty big?"

"It's got iron hooks built into it, big as scythe blades," Ben told him. "The buck that jumps down it will stay there."

Mama was pottering about in a cupboard, pretending that nothing was happening. Rachel opened the ammunition chest under the rifle rack, got out a handful of rimfires, and took them to the cowhand called Joey. He was a tow-headed boy with white eyelashes, and china-blue eyes which he was too shy ever to raise to Rachel. He thanked her without looking at her.

Suddenly everybody was motionless and silent, each man at his loophole. Mama held perfectly still, her hands idle in the cupboard. Ben said: "Ground your carbines, you fellows. I'll kill the man who shoots before I tell him." He added in a queer, soft tone: "Sis . . . speak of the devil. You want to see what Seth looks like? Let her look, Andy."

What Rachel saw was astonishing. Three Indians sat their ponies on the near bank of the Dancing Bird, in full view of the house at less than fifty yards. They were recognizable at once as Kiowas; their strong, flat-stomached build could not be mistaken for that of any other kind of Indian.

They carried carbines in their hands, but wore no paint, no headdresses. The tails of their ponies were blowing free, instead of clubbed for battle.

"There'll be fifteen or twenty more of 'em around some place," Ben said. Kiowa warriors would take any risk to put you off your guard. "He's a whopper, isn't he, that Seth?"

Rachel knew then for the first time which Seth was. You couldn't tell whether he was a white man or not, at that distance. Kiowas came in as many sizes as white men did, but when they were big they were big all over, heavy limbed, but never paunched like a Sioux or a Comanche.

"Carbine, Andy," Ben said, still casual. He reached back without turning from the loophole, and Andy put his own Spencer in Ben's hand. "I'm going to waste one. Now don't be poking your muzzles out. I'll tell you when."

Ben took aim unhurriedly, but fired without delay. Rachel saw the Kiowa

ponies stutter their feet, yet they were held in place so closely that their riders only swayed lithely at the hips; their heads and shoulders were not displaced an inch. The three remained relaxed, and Rachel saw that they were grinning. They glanced at each other, before their eyes returned to the house. Seth raised his right hand in the peace sign.

Rachel was awestruck. "Medicine," she whispered. "They think they've got bullet-proof medicine."

"Not them," Ben said. "I know all three. The one to the left of Seth—there's a tough one. That's—that's"—he tried a Kiowa word—"Wolf Saddle, I guess you'd call him. And the other"—he hesitated again—"that's Lost Bird," he settled for. "Meaner than Seth himself, if that's possible. They know what they're doing all right." He handed the carbine back to Andy. "They even know what I'm doing," he added.

The used shell went bouncing and tinkling across the floor as Andy ejected it. Outside, Rachel saw Seth speak shortly to the others, then start his horse straight towards the house, at a walk. His right hand was still up, in the sign of peace. Wolf Saddle and

HATE—4

We hate some persons because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them.

C. C. Colton

Lost Bird followed on either side of him.

"Uh-huh," Ben said. "Well, I'm going out there."

Mama cried out: "Ben! Please! I won't let you. . . ."

Ben was wearing a Colt's Dragoon revolver, close-belted on his left, butt forward, for a cross-draw in the saddle; but now he loosened and turned the belt, so that the gun hung lower and on his right.

He said, conversationally: "I'll have to ask you to be quiet, Mama. I'd hate to have to shut you in your room."

"Why. . . !" Mama gasped. Ben had never spoken to her like that before; but Papa would have said it, and meant it. Matthilda did not speak again.

Ben took a look at his percussion caps. "Bar the door after me," he told Andy. "You fellows—Tip, Joey—better poke your front sights out, soon as I'm on the stoop. I won't shoot unless one of 'em swings guns on me—and don't you cut loose until I do. All right, lay holt of this bar, here, Andy."

He went out on the stoop, hatless, and stood lightly, his hands hanging empty. The three Kiowas stopped in front of him, less than two horse-lengths away.

Seth took a deliberate look at each of the carbine snouts, where they now poked through the shutter loopholes to the right and left of the door. He smiled a little, faintly contemptuous. Rachel studied him with the fixity of apprehension. His hair hung in two braids in front of his shoulders, and looked to be a rusty red, in spite of its shine of grease, which must have darkened it.

Seth's eyes settled upon Ben and held steadily, waiting for him to speak first. Ben outwaited him. Finally Seth grunted, and began to talk in signs, very fast; yet the message was simple, and Rachel could understand it.

"We come as friends. We come to talk to our friend," Seth's hands said, then added: "Sometimes friends are given gifts."

Those in the house understood no more, for now Ben did an exasperating thing. He refused the sign language known to everybody on the prairie and made the Indians speak in their own tongue. Rachel knew he was doing it so that those within would not know what was said.

She saw Seth's companions intensify their concentration as they tried to follow Ben's Kiowa. Then Seth went into a long, unhurried speech which ended upon what was obviously both a question and a demand. Ben was standing close enough to the door for Rachel to see a drop of sweat trickle down behind his ear.

Instead of answering at once, Ben spoke in English to the people behind him. "Andy, I want a few cartridges. I want two fifty-calibre metallic, and one rimfire forty-four. But stay where you are. Let Rachel bring them to you."

Rachel brought Andy the cartridges. He unbarred the door to put them in Ben's hand. "Bar it again," Ben said, and Andy obeyed. They saw Ben toss one cartridge to each Indian. Then he made a brief final statement in the Kiowa tongue.

The three Kiowas sat quiet a moment more, their eyes fixed on Ben, faces as expressionless as mud. Then Seth spat at Ben's feet, and unhurriedly turned his horse. The others followed, walking their horses slowly, their backs exposed arrogantly to the carbines in the house. Andy softly lifted the bar, and Ben slid inside. The Kiowas jumped their horses out of sight over the bank of the Dancing Bird.

"That may be all, for now," Ben said; but he kept Andy and the hands on watch for a long while more.

"We're getting kind of low on metallic," Andy said, and it was a question.

"I told them to use those when they came again," Ben answered him.

Mama let her lips tremble, now that it was over. She whimpered: "I only wish those people would stay away."

Ben said: "There weren't any people here, Mama. Those were Indians."

Rachel moved close to Ben, so that she could make her tone low, yet urgent, demanding. "What did those Indians want of us?"

He turned to her slowly, took her face between his two hands, and for some moments looked straight down into her eyes. Then a twinkle appeared, and his face softened with the first warmth before a smile. "They were trying to buy you," he told her.

It seemed so far-fetched, so unexpected, that she couldn't tell it from the kind of foolishness with which he often put people off, when he didn't want to answer them. She heard herself reply nonsensically, in kind: "Well, did you sell me?"

"I held out for more horses. . . ."

Two days passed, and the moon was dead full, but Seth did not return. No new Indian trails appeared upon Dancing Bird land. For the moment it seemed to have emptied of Kiowas.

Unexpectedly, on the sixth night of the Kiowa moon—in the very heart of danger—Effie Rawlins popped up in the foreground of their lives again. Ben brought the word when he came in.

It seemed that a rider had reached the Rawlinses pretty late the night before, and hollered them up. His news was that Effie and her promised young man were only one day behind him. They had a preacher and several other people with them. The messenger had left them at Fort Richardson, when he was sent on ahead with the word.

Rachel was excited, but Ben grumped and complained. He supposed the womenfolk would make him responsible for getting them over there somehow, for the wedding, if they had to fight every foot of the way. Needn't blame *him* if it cost every scalp in the dang family.

But Effie did not come home. As the Kiowa moon waned Georgia rode out to where Ben was working the calves with the word that her sister was dead. An ambush in the ruins of No Hope, a deserted township only twenty-five miles from home, had left no survivors.

Ordinarily the Zacharys would have been expected to hurry over to the Rawlinses, but in this case Georgia believed, and told Ben, neighbourly custom did not rightly apply. Shy off, she advised them, at least until her sister's body was brought home. She'd be able to tell better, then, how her mother was going to ride this thing out.

Time was now getting on to where they could begin hoping for Cash to get home pretty soon. They never could tell, within a matter of weeks, how long their trail drivers were likely to be gone. In 1872, Cash had made one drive in five weeks, which was cracking good time. You could call six weeks good time, and seven weeks pretty fair.

During this time occurred one of the small-seeming, unreadable things, the seriousness of which was hidden at the time it happened. The Zacharys lost a horse, which was a commonplace if anything was, except that this one went missing in broad daylight, out of the up-horse corral. Somebody must have turned it out, though no one would admit it.

The animal was a sleepy old pony named Apples. It might never have been missed, except that it happened to belong to Andy; he hunted and complained about his loss until everybody was sick of hearing about Apples.

Cash had now been gone upwards of six weeks. As summer came on, the land was already yielding dust again where the grass was poor, so now they watched for a distant stir-up. But when they sighted one, early in an unseasonably hot afternoon, it was in an unlikely direction; and it was a Fort Worth posse that came there, before ever Cash got home.

The light, intermittent dust the posse made was seen by Ben from where he worked a long way off, and he judged at once that it could only mean more trouble. He came in, with Andy and two of the hired hands. By lathering the horses, he got home just ahead of the slower-moving posse. Immediately he sent Andy up to the house with word that Matthilda and Rachel were to stay inside, whatever happened.

Shortly after that nine riders came jogging around the corral to where the Zachary men waited.

The man in front, grey-thatched and grey-moustached, with a dried-out look, Ben knew for Sol Carr of Tarrant County. He had been a Ranger once, before the war between the States, and would be one again now that Texas could bring the Rangers back. Ben

did not know why his father had disliked Sol Carr, but remembered that this was so. For the time being Carr was head of a loosely organized bunch of volunteers from the Fort Worth neighbourhood who chased thieves and war parties.

Behind Sol Carr and to one side, respectfully aloof, rode an Indian in the butternut clothes of a cowhand, but with no dents or creases in his hat. Most conspicuous, however, because they hung back and would not meet his eye, were the Rawlins boys, Jude and Charlie, though Ben could have named three of the five others of the party. He had exchanged powers of attorney with them, for handling drifted cattle.

They nodded slightly, noncommittally and without smiling, as he looked at them one after another; and this confirmed that the posse was hostile.

Behind the mounted men a tenth man drove a light wagon with a horse tied to the tail gate; the horse was Apples.

Andy swung down. "That's my horse you got there. What's that contraption you got on him?" Apples was carrying an Indian saddle of sticks and straps; it looked to be broken.

Somebody shouted: "Let that horse alone, boy."

"That thing's eating him in two. I got to get it off him."

But Ben said sharply: "Come back here, Andy." And his brother obeyed.

Carr dismounted now, without invitation, and Ben stepped down to meet him. They stopped two paces apart and did not offer to shake hands. Both had left their carbines on their saddles, but Ben wore his holster slung low on his right, and Carr was similarly armed.

"We've been following out the No Hope massacre," Carr said to Ben, "and we've been lucky. Found out quite a bit." He let an edge come into his voice, as if he were talking to a man under arrest, or about to be. "I'm here to learn the rest of it from you."

Ben flared up, but his voice remained quiet. Rachel, watching from the house, heard no word of what followed.

"Those were your last words in that tone," he told Sol Carr, "while you stand on my land."

"You can back that up, too," Carr said, dry as the dust. "just by taking on all these men. How many do you figure you'll have time to get?"

"One," Ben said.

The old Ranger modified his tone then, but his purpose was not softened.

"We taken a prisoner," Carr said. "A white squaw man, and I believe you know him. Name of Abe Kelsey."

"We've been looking for Kelsey a long time," Ben said.

"That's as may be. What interests us, he was mixed up in the massacre. Laying aside what he says he was doing there, he anyway messed into it enough to get himself shot up. And we got him."

"Alive?"

"Just about. We got the names of the main war chiefs out of him. Seth was there, and so was Wolf Saddle. But he says Lost Bird was the leader. Though he may be protecting Seth, seein's he claims he's Seth's old man."

"If Kelsey's alive," Ben demanded, "why haven't you hung him?"

"We may get around to it," Carr answered. "Meantime, he strung off a whole line of charges against you. I thought you might want to face him, and answer him. I've got him here, in that wagon."

"Let him lift his head," Ben said, "and I'll put a ball between his eyes in the next tenth of a second."

"You'd shoot an unarmed man?"

"Yes," Ben said.

"Then I better tell you what he says myself—bein' as I'm in better shape to shoot back. He says, to start with, that the Kiowas used your place here for their point of assembly."

"The three Kiowas you named were here," Ben acknowledged. "We forted up and stood 'em off."

"He says they learned from you that the people they massacred were on the road, and there was no other way they could have learned of it."

A STIR of surprise ran over the posse as Ben laughed in Carr's face. It was a nasty laugh, with promise of fight in it.

"The Rawlinses are the people we have to work with," Ben said.

"They're also the people that crowded in on your range," Carr reminded him. "Your old man had his eye on this grass for a long time. When he finally come to settle on it, Rawlins was ahead of him, and he had to go splits. It's possible to believe you wanted them out of here."

"Oh, good God almighty!" Ben said with contempt.

"There's plenty to say it's the Kiowas you have to work with, not Rawlinses, if you want to stay on this land. They say this foundling girl, this foster-sister of yours you people have raised——"

He broke off, stopped by the blaze of pure murder that had lighted Ben's eyes, contradicting his smile. "What about her?" Ben prodded him.

"They say she's the key to your understanding with the Kiowas," Sol Carr went on coolly. He had been startled, but he was not the man to be frightened. "Kelsey says your old man found the girl on the prairie, and rescued her, and she proved out to be a Kiowa baby, lost out of a drag-litter. They say the Kiowas are friendly because you're raising one of their own."

"Carr," Ben said, "if you don't have enough Indian-savvy to know that's impossible, it's no use to talk to you. You ought to know there's nothing could bring the whole tribe down on us any quicker than if they thought we was holding a captive Kiowa child."

"I would have supposed so," Sol Carr admitted. "Only there's one thing more. After the massacre, Abe Kelsey made his way here. His horse was hit and died about two miles out. He's showed us the bones, stripped clean by the wolves. God knows he was in no

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shape to catch another. He says you people gave him a horse. You gave him that horse, right there."

"That horse was stolen," Andy said. "Out of this corral right here, and within an hour of noon."

"Nobody around at all?" Carr said with disbelief.

"I had two men here all the time," Ben told him. He glanced at Tip and Roddy, and found them looking blank and frightened.

"Do you accuse the two men?" Carr asked sharply.

"I do not. I don't think they know anything about this at all."

"Yet somebody gave Kelsey this horse."

In the moment of silence that followed, Ben saw Sol Carr look past him, and start to say something more, then close his mouth again. Ben had not known that Matthilda had left the house until she spoke from behind him.

"I did," Matthilda said clearly. "I gave the old man the horse."

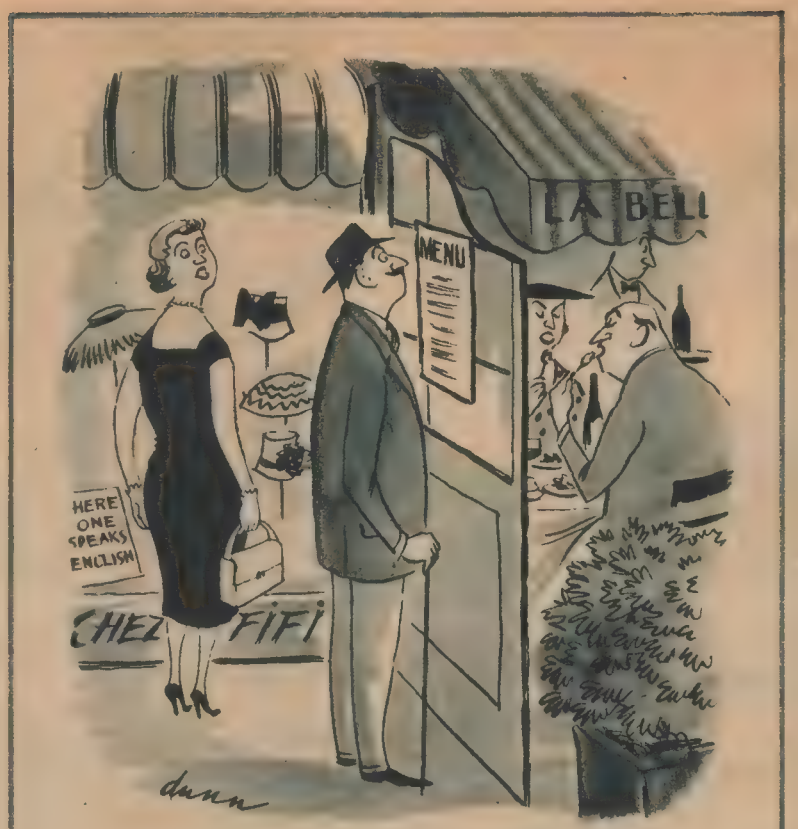
Sol Carr spoke courteously, covering his objections to being thrown off his line of attack.

"I remember you, ma'am," Carr said. "You are Mrs. Zachary."

"And you are Sol Carr," Matthilda responded, "who tried to do my husband out of six thousand dollars."

Carr may have reddened a little, but his tone did not change. "I understood you to say you gave Kelsey this horse. Did you realize, then, that he had come direct from the No Hope massacre."

"I realize nothing of the kind now. The day he came here was more than two weeks after the massacre."



"How far do you suppose our travel allowance will go if you start throwing it away on food?"

THAT stopped Carr for a moment or two; but he said: "He had been wounded, though?"

"He had a gunshot wound in the limb," Matthilda said. "A new one. The blood was fresh on the bandage. It wasn't a bad wound, then. I should judge it's bad now—I can smell green flesh from here. You'd better get him some doctoring, or you won't get him as far as his trial."

"Ma'am," Carr said, "this is his trial."

"I'll be interested to hear the verdict," Matthilda said saltily.

"What was your belief, then, as to how he got wounded?"

"I supposed he was caught stealing horses. Our horses, likely."

"You thought he was a horse thief," Carr said wonderingly. "You knew he was a squaw man. You knew he's spread tales against you, to your great harm. Yet you gave him a horse to get away on?"

"Yes."

"Ma'am in God's name—excuse me, ma'am—why?"

"Poor old man," Matthilda said. "I was sorry for him."

"After all he's done, you tell me you were sorry——"

"Suppose one of my little children had been taken by red savages," Matthilda said. "Do you think there's anything I wouldn't do, any lengths I wouldn't go to, to bring my child back to me? I have no doubt I would go crazy, as crazy as Abe, before the end of it. Of course I'm sorry for him."

There were a lot more questions, but the backbone of the posse's purpose, if it had been to involve the Zacharys, had been broken for the time being on the sheer incredibility of Matthilda's honesty.

Matthilda turned away and plodded slowly up the hill to the house, her face white but held as rigidly expressionless as she could make it. Behind her all the horses began to shift and move, and it was Ben who led out, not in the direction from which the posse had come, but upstream. The cavalcade moved off, and trailed out of sight beyond the upper bend.

It was almost sundown when Ben came back and unsaddled slowly. A little after that the posse passed, going back the way it had come, but on the far side of the creek. There was a big pin oak, up there, a whopper for its kind and place, with a limb of suitable height and girth. An old tale had it that a bandit had once been caught here and hanged upon that tree. Some said that this ghost from long ago still haunted the Dancing Bird.

No matter whether that legend had any truth in it or not the Dancing Bird had a ghost to haunt it now; the ghost of Abe Kelsey hanged from that same tree.

Ben came in reluctantly. He ate doggedly, straight through one thing after another.

Once Rachel asked him outright if it was horse stealing Kelsey had been hung for.

He said it was not. "He was mixed up in the No Hope massacre." He yielded enough to tell Rachel a little bit more. "He was with Seth when they killed Effie. By his own admission."

"They were trying to mix us up in it some way—weren't they?" she pressed him. "Weren't they?"

He blazed up. "Who told you that?"

"Why—nobody——"

"Then forget it. And stop making up things."

In the days that followed Rachel questioned Ben again. But she saw he was sorry he had said so much, and she could draw out nothing more.

A week passed. Then, suddenly, the waiting days were over. Eight of Cash's men got back. But Cash was not with them.

Ben met the riders half-way to Red River, and for a few minutes had a great sinking of the heart as he saw from a long way off that Cash was not with his wagons. He found Johnny Portugal in charge of the party.

Cash had ridden on ahead of them, Johnny told Ben at once. Said he had a side trip he wanted to make on the way home; so, the morning of their fourth day out of Wichita, he had taken a fast horse, and a spare on lead, and was soon out of sight.

He had told Johnny Portugal to take his time, so that the rest of the party wouldn't scare hell out of the family by getting home ahead of him. Johnny said he had sure thought he was travelling slow enough—he was eleven days out of Wichita; which meant they hadn't seen Cash in a week.

By the time Ben got home he had worked out a lie. Cash had always wanted to see where Papa was lost, he told the others, and Ben had explained to him how to find it. It would take him a far piece out of his way, but the country Cash would travel was safe now—no game in it, and so no Indians. Johnny Portugal had really made very fast time; Cash could hardly be expected for two or three days yet. And so on and so forth.

He had supposed that Mama would assume at once that she had lost her son to the dreadful trails, as his father had been lost four years before. But Matthilda, who could dissolve so easily over trifles, had a way of stiffening surprisingly when truly serious and deadly threats hung over them. She accepted Ben's conjectures as though they were completely reasonable.

Cash came in the next day. Ben met him a little way out. He was gaunt and hollow-eyed; like his father, he was another who could never be caught asleep while he bossed a cattle drive, and he was saddle-weary to the bone from recent hard riding.

One of the two horses with which Cash had left the party was dead. The one he still rode was taxed so far past endurance that it might never recover full usefulness. The carbine was missing from his saddle boot, and Ben lent him his own, lest the loss attract attention when they reached the house. But Cash himself was sound and in high spirits, in spite of his fatigue.

As they rode in, they agreed to stick with the story Ben had already invented—that Cash had visited Witch River because his father had been lost there. Actually, so far as Ben knew, Cash had been nowhere near it, and wouldn't know it when he saw it, or how to find it.

Nobody but Ben ever learned the story of where Cash had been, or what had been his errand.

Cash had begun by reasoning that Rachel was a Kiowa or she was not, and that the truth must be in existence somewhere. If it was, the place to find it was in the lodges of the Kiowas themselves, for they had always kept better records of their history than any other Indians on the plains. He imagined that Striking Horse, a Kiowa Old Zach had once known, could probably lay hands on the facts if anybody could. Striking Horse was an old man who was the historian of his tribe.

So Cash had gone in search of the village with which Striking Horse travelled. It was a bold and wholly far-fetched try—which was perhaps what made the idea irresistible to Cash once he had thought of it.

Cash did not find Striking Horse quickly, or easily, or without moments of risk. But he got there. It was Striking Horse who had given Cash's father the name of Stone Hand, the time Zach put away a Comanche with a single slap; so the Indian knew him.

Cash opened by giving Striking Horse his carbine and all the ammunition he had for it, with no strings whatever attached—thereby putting himself just as far outside the law as the old Indian.

After that, piecing out his battered Kiowa with quick-running sign language, he told Striking Horse about a dream he claimed to have had, in which he was shown a thing that had actually happened long ago. He had seen a Kiowa village running away from a great force of white men. While he watched, a baby bounced out of a drag-litter unnoticed, and was lost.

He had even been made to know in what year this thing had happened, but something was unclear. The baby had seemed to be a white child, held captive by the Kiowas. Cash wanted to know whether this was true, or whether the lost baby had been a Kiowa child.

Striking Horse brought out his history calendar and spread it before Cash. This was a spiral design, delicately drawn on deerskin, and filled up with tiny pictures, each representing a summer or a winter, for the Kiowas counted time by seasons rather than years. The single recorded event served to bring the season back to him, reminding him of all other events. A number of Kiowas kept these wheels, each one differently. Striking Horse's wheel went back so far that it had grown bigger than a grindstone.

The old Indian told Cash to point to the time, on the calendar wheel, when this thing happened in his dream. Counting back didn't get anywhere, for the calendar keepers commonly left out seasons, or whole years. But Cash studied the wheel and presently saw a winter distinguished by a speckled face. He knew there had been an epidemic of smallpox, the winter before Rachel was found. So now he pointed to the summer following.

After due thought Striking Horse decided he didn't remember any baby being lost that summer. Must have happened in some other village than his own. He said he would ask some other calendar keepers when he saw them. If he found out, he would send word. He put the carbine away and offered Cash a smoke.

Cash seemed unabashed that he had come away empty-handed, and short of a carbine besides. He thought it entirely likely that Striking Horse would send him word, and if he did it would be the truth. Nobody, he reminded his brother, had ever known a Kiowa to lie—except, of course, to damyankee commissions, who lied all the time themselves, so didn't count. Cash recalled now that Striking Horse had not asked him where word should be sent, but he judged the Kiowas knew where to find them.

Yes, I judge they do, Ben thought. *Too dang hootin' well.*

He was hiding a bitter anger, for his immediate conviction was that Cash had made out death warrants for them all.

To be continued next week

Coast Hotel

by DOUGLAS GIBSON

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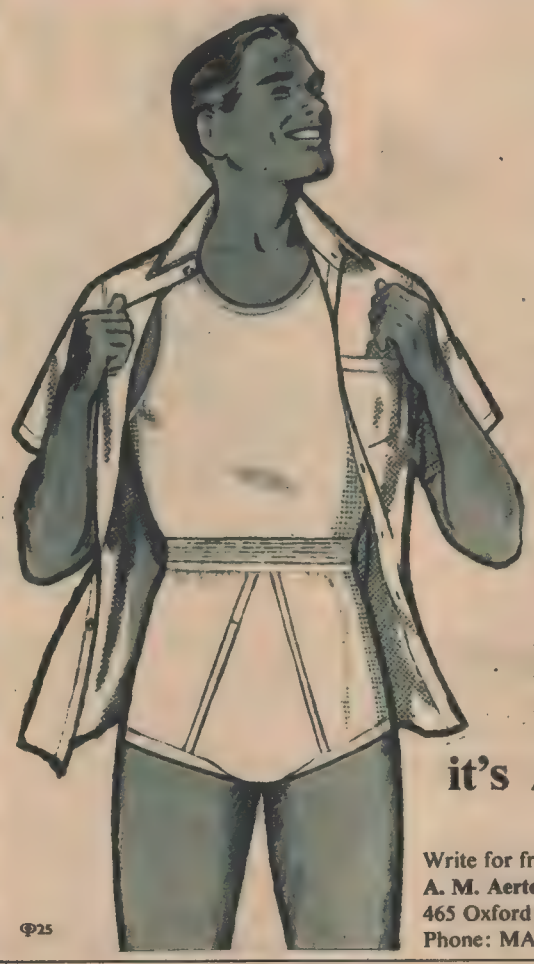

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Running in

Continued from page 17

that I had got my Second in my examinations. I started work as a trainee executive at Guinness's in Park Royal, London.

The training involved learning first-hand the various processes in brewing. For a while I worked as a labourer.

One of the jobs was to clean out the great copper cauldrons in which the worts, or unfermented beer, are boiled. The schedule of filling and emptying the cauldrons was such that they had to be scrubbed very soon after the boiling worts had been drained out. The men, bare backed, climb in with long scrubbing brushes. Often the temperature is unbearably hot. Naturally the foreman and the men like to give the trainee executive during his short stay a taste of what it can be like at its worst.

On my first day the foreman said: "Number One copper is ready. It's cool now. You can go in with the men. They'll show you what to do."

The heat was appalling. Sweat streamed off my face and body. I could hardly breathe. I was set to scrubbing with wire wool the coils through which the steam is circulated. I could barely hold the wool, it was so hot.

The men I was working with looked nonchalant. "Not too bad today, Harry, is it?" one said.

If they can stick it, I thought, *I suppose I must be able to.*

After what seemed like an eternal roasting in Hell, the men said that it was done and we came out.

"That," the foreman admitted with a smile, "was a very hot one. . . ."

Not since the Olympic Games, over a year before, had I taken athletics seriously. I was wondering whether or not I should continue, now that I had a job. I was inclined to give it up, but there was a nagging feeling that I had within me the ability to run much faster—perhaps to run faster even than human beings ever had before.

I would never, I reasoned, be as good at anything else as I was at running. I happened by chance to have this odd gift. Should I not feel angry with myself in later life if I did not test it, develop it, see how much was there?

One day in November I met Chris Brasher.

"I have been training," he said, "at the Duke of York's Barracks in the King's Road, Chelsea. Franz Stampfl coaches a whole group of people there. Why not come along?"

I had met Stampfl on one or two occasions. I liked him as a vigorous extroverted character and had heard that he was a brilliant coach. But I had never had much time for coaches. I had always felt that nobody else could possibly know as well as I what training suited me best.

In the end I went along to the Duke of York's with Brasher, who persuaded Roger Bannister to come, too. After training we had a meal with Stampfl, who talked incessantly. We laughed with him and stayed drinking to a late hour. We came again to the Duke of York's, and then quite regularly two or three times a week.

I had met Brasher on a lot of occasions previously, but never got to know him well during my university days, as he had been at Cambridge. I had never considered, for one thing, that he was much good as a runner. It didn't seem to me he bothered a great deal with it.

I found him now to be a man who packed a great deal into life. He was a successful and energetic executive in an oil company. He enjoyed writing, wrote well and fairly often, and got things published. He was a keen follower of ballet. At most weekends he would drive at break-neck speed to North Wales to climb mountains. He was, I learned, a first-class climber and had been invited to go on Hunt's Everest Expedition.

The best example I can give of Chris Brasher's energy is the story of a week-end that he spent about a year later. He left his office at 5.30 p.m. on a Friday night, went home, got out his car, drove to Southampton and on to the night ferry. Starting from Le Havre in the early hours of the morning he averaged fifty miles per hour through France to Basle, in Switzerland, where Roger Bannister was getting married.

For the rest of the day he acted as best man, entertained the bridesmaids to a party afterwards and drove out of Basle at 10 p.m. At 4 a.m. he arrived at Le Mans, watched the end of the race, drove to Paris, met a friend, went to a night club, drove back to London via the cross-Channel ferry, to arrive at his office as usual at 9.30 on Monday morning.

He had covered 1,500 miles, and in three nights had dozed in the car for perhaps a couple of hours in all. I met him for training on the Monday evening and asked how he was.

"I feel tired," he said.

During the winter of 1953 to 1954, my partnership with Bannister and Brasher was formed, with Stampfl to advise, to encourage and to drive.

Bannister, still conscious of his failure at the 1952 Olympic Games, had set his heart on being the first man to run a mile in four minutes. Although he was physically capable of it and had been, I believe, for two years, I do not think that he would have achieved his ambition without the confidence that Stampfl's confidence and enthusiasm gave him.

Stampfl is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. I was once with him when a rather fat, pasty-faced youth came up and said hesitantly: "I would like to be a runner, Mr. Stampfl. I have tried once or twice. But I don't seem to be any good. I have never got near to doing five minutes for a mile."

Stampfl, with whom I had been talking, ignored me immediately. He moved off with the young man.

"Anybody ought to be able to do four minutes. Let's say four minutes ten seconds for you," I heard him saying. "You have to make up your mind you can do it. Show some guts. Train hard."

The boy never did four minutes, but in not much more than a year he ran four minutes twenty seconds, which is a first-class club time.

Franz Stampfl aroused much jealousy and dislike in official athletic circles in this country. He is arrogant—but, I think, in an attractive way. He never conceals his contempt for those whom he considers to be fakes or poseurs. He can on occasions be maddeningly diffuse, tortuous and difficult to understand.

He has been accused by some small-minded British coaches and officials of battening on to well-known athletes and claiming the credit for their success. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was prepared to spend as much time and attention on the least promising youngster as he was on his "stars."

An art student at one time, Franz came to England before the war. An excellent all-round athlete himself, he coached skiers and he coached runners. He became deeply interested in the extent to which the achievements of the human body are conditioned by the mind.

He found, I believe, an artistic satisfaction in producing a superlative physical performance. "That's a beautiful sight," he would mutter as one of his athletes swept into the lead towards the end of a race.

During the war he was interned as a German-speaking alien. He was deported to Australia, his ship was torpedoed and he survived twenty-four hours in freezing water, when most of his fellow passengers died.

"In that sort of circumstance," he once said to me, "it's just a question of how much you want to live." He was eventually commissioned in the Australian Army.

When I came to know Franz in London, he had set himself up in a totally novel profession, that of free-lance athletics coach. He was not employed by the A.A.A. He operated entirely outside their free coaching scheme. He charged a shilling a time to the young athletes who came to him for coaching. He had a following of hundreds, male and female, aged between fifteen and fifty. They were students, business men, shopgirls, barrow boys, typists. Some were taking exercise to keep their weight down; some were training to beat world records. Stampfl could inspire confidence and enthusiasm in them all.

Unfortunately, he was later offered a post with the Physical Education Department of Melbourne University. It was a pity that the A.A.A. let him go.

With Stampfl around, holding a watch, breathing exhortations, Bannister became confident that he could run the four-minute mile. Brasher was half persuaded that it might be worth while relinquishing some of his other activities to see what he could do as a runner, and I was convinced that I should not yet give up athletics. Stampfl suggested that Brasher and I should help Bannister in his attempt, train with him and pace him during the race.

This was a partnership which eventually produced for Bannister the four-minute mile, for me a world record on three occasions and a mile in four minutes, and, unlikely as it would have seemed then, the greatest achievement of all for Chris Brasher—an Olympic gold medal.

By the spring I was working regular office hours and, early in the summer, was given a job as second-in-command of my company's transport department. I found that I had more free time than ever before. In the evenings I was able to train as much as I liked. I did more reading than at any previous stage in my life. I now got through many of the books that I had never had time for at Oxford. In 1954 I accepted invitations from Conservative M.P.s to speak at political meetings. The opportunity to learn this kind of public speaking was one that I accepted with alacrity.

Principally I devoted myself to running. Now I felt that I had the chance finally to see what I could do. The first project was to help Bannister in his attack on the four-minute mile.

The year 1954 was Bannister's. He had made up his mind that it was to be his last season as a runner. He was unbeatable. There was about him during those months more single-mindedness, more controlled nervous power than I had ever seen in anybody.

I shall not soon forget the excitement of that day in May at Oxford—the wind blowing, the doubt as to whether the attempt was worth making, the plan that worked like clockwork, the view, a rear view, of Roger striding majestically over the last three hundred yards; and after the race the announcement of the time, "Three minutes . . ." and the speaker's voice drowned in the roar of the crowd.

The handful of fortunate or perceptive newsmen there had a story for which they are grateful to this day. The B.B.C. had a single cameraman on the ground.

Some whisper of a possible record attempt had reached them, and it was intended just to take a few shots of the race here and there. But when it became obvious what was happening the cameraman followed the runners all the way, turning a full circle each lap. The wires to his camera gradually wound around him and the equipment.

"When Roger came up to the tape," he told me later, "those wires were stretched tight around me. I couldn't have shot a hundred yards more."

The film he took must have been shown since in nearly every city in the world, besides a score of times on British television.

The B.B.C. claimed Roger immediately after the race, and he disappeared to London to appear on TV. The reporters dashed off to telephone stories. Sports editors who had missed it tore their hair and set about the job of producing "eye witness" accounts.

The people who were least moved were probably the undergraduates at Oxford, the majority of whom, contrary to popular belief, are supremely indifferent to sporting contests in general. I went off to the rooms of an undergraduate friend, Reginald Bosanquet. His fiancée was there. They knew that I had been running and asked politely: "How did it go?"

"We did it," I replied. "He was magnificent. By almost a second, and there was a terrible wind."

"Wonderful," they said. But despite my excitement the conversation drifted on to other things.

Two years later, Bosanquet and I worked together as reporters on Independent Television News and he confessed that it was not until he and his fiancée read the papers the following morning that they had the foggiest idea what I had been talking about.

I ran in many races that summer. At the end of June I failed by a fraction of a second in an attempt to break the world two-mile record at the White City. Roger Bannister and Chris Brasher paced me, but were unable to give as much assistance as they had hoped.

A month later, Freddie Green, of Birmingham, beat me by an inch or two in a desperately fought race for the A.A.A. three miles championship. So close was the finish that we were

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER

An intercropping plan for small gardens I have used successfully for some years is to grow brussels sprouts with early cauliflowers and lettuces.

The brussels are spaced 2 ft. 6 in. each way. Between them in the rows I plant two lettuces. I then plant the cauliflowers 15 in. apart between the rows of brussels.

The lettuces are ready first, then the cauliflowers, leaving the sprouts, which are slow-growing, with enough spacing.—A. Sommerville, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

To protect seedlings in boxes and pots from the drop in temperature at night, place two or three house bricks under a cloche or glass lean-to near a south fence. At night, put the seedlings under the glass. The heat absorbed by the bricks during the day will help to keep up the temperature. —W. Redpath, Hitchin, Herts.

PERCY THROWER says: Mr. Sommerville's hint is one way of making full use of the ground available. I am always in favour of intercropping.

It would be better to plant the brussels 3 ft. apart each way with the cauliflowers between them and the lettuces planted between the rows. This would give more room for the brussels to fill out.

The use of bricks under glass to retain the heat at night is quite a good idea. Certain trees and shrubs which are not very hardy are often planted against a wall for protection and to benefit from the heat retained in the bricks.

given identical times, and it was a world record—my first.

Between these races I went to Finland to run against John Landy.

Landy had been trying for two years to run a mile in four minutes. He had produced innumerable times around four minutes two seconds. He always took the lead the whole way. I felt that I ought to be capable of keeping up, should do a good time behind him and might even be able to struggle past in the last straight.

Landy met me at Turku Airport. He looked bronzed and lean. I found him to be a charming person, thoughtful and introspective. He was evidently puzzled as to why it was that he was spending every minute of his time and every ounce of his energy in chasing this particular dream. He was striving desperately after something that he did not know why he wanted. He was resentful of the way the press hounded him and of publicity generally, and yet he desired above all what was then the most publicised prize in sport—the world mile record.

After dinner we wandered down to look at the track. "I could run four minutes two seconds now," Landy said. "It's no trouble. I can almost do it in my sleep. But I simply cannot get any faster."

The next day he had opposition for the first time in his life. Previously he had always run the last half of his races out on his own, battling solely against the watch. Now at the three-quarter mile mark I was at his heels. He looked around, felt the shock of competition and accelerated. I was never exhausted in a mile race. It was too short. But my legs refused to go faster.

Landy galloped on to win in three minutes fifty-eight seconds and I finished in 4 minutes 4.4 seconds. For him it was a brilliant new world record; for me, my best time to date.

At first John was overjoyed—it was all that he had hoped and worked and trained for—but when I left him the following morning he was still surrounded by reporters. His telephone had rung all night with congratulations and press inquiries from every part of the world. He was almost angry.

To my surprise, Roger Bannister was also a little angry when I returned. He hinted that my trip to Turku had been prompted by his own failure to give greater help to me in my two-mile attempt, that I had gone there with the deliberate intention of helping Landy to create a new world record.

I had not fully understood how complete and absorbing was Roger's athletic ambition. But the constant tension and the external pressures that go with present-day international sport can do strange things to the most reasonable people's sense of proportion. The whole affair was laughed off in the end. . . .

ATTRACTIVELY sandwiched between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, Vancouver is an engaging, brash Canadian boomtown, with a thin sprinkling of very English settlers who have tea at four and butlers. It was the site of the British Empire Games that summer. We were there for two weeks and I enjoyed it more than any other athletics tour. The weather was perfect, the scenery glorious and the people of Vancouver warm hearted and hospitable.

I shared a room with Bannister. This was to be the climax to his running career; he was at last to clash with John Landy. Roger was withdrawn and silent, over the days gathering himself almost visibly for a great explosion of will and energy.

We were fortunate to have the use of a little sports car. We would train in the morning and then four of us—Brasher, Bannister, Higham and I—would pack into the car, roar off to see the countryside, lie on the beach or be entertained at the house of some kind Canadian.

With these diversions I found that the agonies of apprehension that always precede an important race were not so protracted as usual.

I had to run against Freddy Green, who had defeated me so narrowly in the A.A.A. Championships. On the morning before the race, after the usual carefully selected and equally carefully digested breakfast, I screwed up my determination, an aching nervous hollowness in my stomach, persuading myself that whatever the physical discomfort to come I would still want to win.

The race, as it turned out, was not a hard one. I waited in fourth or fifth place until the last three hundred yards, and then pounced past the field. I sprinted the last two hundred and twenty yards in twenty-six seconds to beat Freddy Green by a fairly comfortable fifteen yards. I was fitter then than at any time.

Two days later, in most unusual circumstances, I watched Bannister's great victory over Landy. On the morning of the race I was asked if I should like to watch the race from the broadcasting box by a keen-looking young reporter from a local commercial radio station. As the competitors' seats were badly sited, I said that I would like to join him there.

The race was at 2.30 p.m. Normal life in Vancouver stopped. The entire population settled down to watch or listen. I went into the dressing-room to see if there was anything I could do for Roger, and to wish him luck. He was pale and nervous.

"I am going to delay my effort until the last fifty yards," he said.

At 2.25 I went to the radio box. The alert young reporter was giving his listeners some colour.

"It's a wonderful view from the top of the grandstand," he said. I listened with only half an ear as he prattled on. "There's a packed stadium . . . the boys are stripping off . . . the excitement is at fever-pitch."

Then I heard him say: "Now I have a surprise for you. We are lucky to have Chris Chataway here with us today, who is going to give you a commentary on the race." And he pushed the microphone in front of me.

Apart from being interviewed I had never broadcast in my life. I had made no preparations, did not know the names or numbers of half the runners. Anyway, I was forbidden by the amateur rules to do this sort of thing. These thoughts raced through my mind. Should I say to a million eager listeners, "Well, no, I am afraid I can't possibly do that," and hand him back the microphone?

I decided that I had better go on with it. I did my best to imitate a Raymond Glendenning or a Rex Alston, starting gently and building up the excitement as the race progressed. Roger allowed a gap of fifteen yards to open between him and Landy, but with two and a half of the four laps gone he had almost closed on him.

"It is certain now," I said, "that Bannister will win." Sure enough, a flagging Landy, as he entered the final straight, looked half left to see where his opponent was. Roger swept past on the right to win in 3 minutes, 58.8 seconds.

My commentary was a passable one. I now have a recording of it at home. There is, however, a twenty-second silence in the middle, when I put my hand over the microphone, turned round to the others in the box and said: "Isn't there a single, solitary soul who has got a watch on this race?" Although the interest was to see whether the runners would beat the still magic time of four minutes, there was not.

The commentary was re-broadcast half a dozen times in Vancouver, and copies of it were sold to a score of American stations. I was extremely worried lest the A.A.A. would hear it. They would never believe that it was done for nothing, and the result might well be my disqualification from amateur athletics. Fortunately it never came to their notice. . . .

I went back to my office at Guinness's. Although I had finished my leave for the year, I was given ten days extra to go to Switzerland for the European Games in Berne. Here I was to meet the great Emil Zatopek, still undefeated since his triumphs at the Olympic Games two years before. I determined that, come what may, I would stick on his heels till the last lap.

In the race I tucked in behind him straight away. After about four laps he moved up to second place. Forty yards ahead there was some idiotic Russian who always started off too fast. I took no notice of him and stuck close to Zatopek. After six laps the Russian was sixty yards ahead, and I was beginning to worry. After nine laps the Russian was eighty yards in front and I realized with a shock that neither Zatopek nor I was going to win.

I was told afterwards by those who listened at home that the commentary was extremely funny. It was mostly a breathtaking blow-by-blow account of my duel with Zatopek—"The Czech is pulling away, but Chataway is fighting back"—with only an occasional casual reference to the Russian. Then, towards the end, came: "Well, Kuts, of Russia, a hundred yards ahead, is just coming up to the finish now."

At the time I was bitterly disappointed and annoyed with myself. It seemed to be the end of a long season. I went off to my Territorial Army camp, never an occasion for ascetic living, and was happy to be able to indulge normally in alcohol and tobacco, to forget about my wretched fitness.

One of the most woeful misconceptions is that an athlete in training feels healthy and full of the joys of living. In fact he is in a state of hypochondria in which he is always conscious of some small ailment which assumes immense importance. To be at the peak of fitness is to feel on the verge of a physical and nervous breakdown.

When I got back from camp I was told that a month later Kuts was to compete in London in a match between Moscow and London. I was asked to run. I realized that I had no choice. The opportunity of a return bout was impossible to escape. Reluctantly I picked up my training again.

Franz Stampfl, always sensitive to an athlete's frame of mind, said: "Now don't train much. You can beat him. You can set a world record. Just make up your mind to it."

I spent many hours talking to Stampfl. I spent many more thinking about the race. This might, I felt, be the ultimate occasion to escape from my athletic ambition, to realize to the full my capabilities as a runner and to prove to myself that I could make the most of them.

By the day of the race I felt more committed than ever before. It was an evening meeting. As the day slowly slipped by, as I tried to write letters, as I wandered round the familiar streets and buildings at Park Royal, there was for me an all-pervading feeling of doom-laden expectancy. Everything looked different. It was surprising that other people should be going about their normal routines.

That evening, at 8.30, four of us were lined up under the powerful lamps at the White City track—Okorokov and Kuts of Moscow, Peter Driver and I from London. The gun fired.

Kuts, as I had known he would, went straight into the lead, but this time I had resolved to allow no gap to open until I could simply run no more.

After four laps Kuts and I were alone, running in tandem. The time was fast, but I felt fresh.

On the fifth lap he sprinted for a hundred yards. It was like a finishing burst. When it was over I was tired. On the sixth lap he did it again.

"I am still with him," I thought, "and he can't manage another."

But he did. On the seventh and on the eighth. My legs were aching and each time I breathed I could not get in enough air.

Before the race Roger had said laughingly: "Don't forget—he's just a hack." The word "hack" had somehow become a joke between us. On the eighth and the ninth laps I looked at the back of Kuts's thighs. They were broad, thick and podgy.

A hack, I thought.

I tried to imagine that he was as tired as I and that after four attempts to break away from me he was despairing because I was still on his heels. But I was desperately tired. I tried to concentrate on the moment, to forget that there were three more laps. Yet by the eleventh I did not care whether I won or not. All I wanted was for the race to be over. I resigned myself to thinking that if I finished second fairly close behind him I would still have done well enough. I should be satisfied.

At the bell for the last lap he accelerated suddenly. I started to drive with my arms and lengthen my stride. I felt as if I were bluffing, that I could keep it up for no more than a hundred yards at the most. Thirty seconds later a gap of two yards, three yards opened between us.

Then we were coming off the bend with only half a straight to the finish. For a split second he appeared to ease. Suddenly there was life in me. Painfully slowly, it seemed, I pulled up level with him on the outside. I had stopped breathing now. I could get to the end without. Inch by inch I was gaining on him.

We crossed the line almost level, but I knew I had won.

NEXT WEEK: The Russian girl who showed me around Moscow

TWO COMPLETE STORIES

The old farmer knew what to expect. This girl would be like the rest of them—sawdust in the head and looking like a film star

THE STUBBORNEST MAN

by WALTER TEVIS

He was riding his last mount in the biggest race of his life. For Margaret's sake he had to lose . . . and she wanted him to win

SPUR OF GOLD

by HUGH MICHAEL HOGAN

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

HATE—5

Hate injures no one; it is contempt that casts men down.

Goethe

GOLDEN WEDNESDAY!

"LOOK at this wonderful telegram!" Mrs. E. Sharpe (60 Swyncombe Avenue, Ealing) really had something to show her neighbour over the garden fence that sunny Wednesday morning.

"Congratulations! You have won First Prize £500 in Bullets . . ." it began. This housewife, who says she never misses having fun with words in Bullets, had snapped up £500 for her effort: WHAT EVERYONE WANTS —THE "PICK"—BUT *Shovel*—?

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WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Driver Macmillan	Learning To Drive
Exodus Of 1957	I Did It Myself, So
Remember, Mr. Scientist	Can't Grumble
A Nice, Fat Pension	As Time Is Money
Tide Of Popularity	Mean Business
In Politics	Trapped
Now Fritz Has A Gun	Tin-pot Dictator
The Pipe Of Peace	In Despair
In The Red-tape Army	The Experiment Failed And
A Cheap Holiday	Those Dance-hall Dervishes

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above

Ought To Be.....	If Only She'd.....
Spoilt	Growing .....
At The.....Again	Made.....Blush

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

£40 "EXTRA" Superb £40 Presentation ("Solida" bookcase with 40 volumes) to highest prize-winner (other than First) whose cheque was won with Bullet which was one of five or more entries on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,096 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 1

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

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£25: L. Stenton, 16 Hopedale Road, Sheffield, 12: OVER THE MOUNTAINS—DIVIDING NEIGHBOURS, HE *Toddled*!

£10: E. P. Taunton, 30 Elizabeth Avenue, Commeadow, Worcester: BACK TO PROSPERITY—VIA VIM!

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 13, for early news of No. 2,096 result.)

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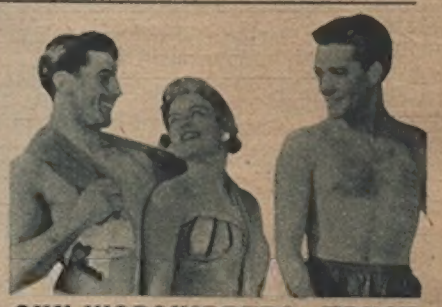

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